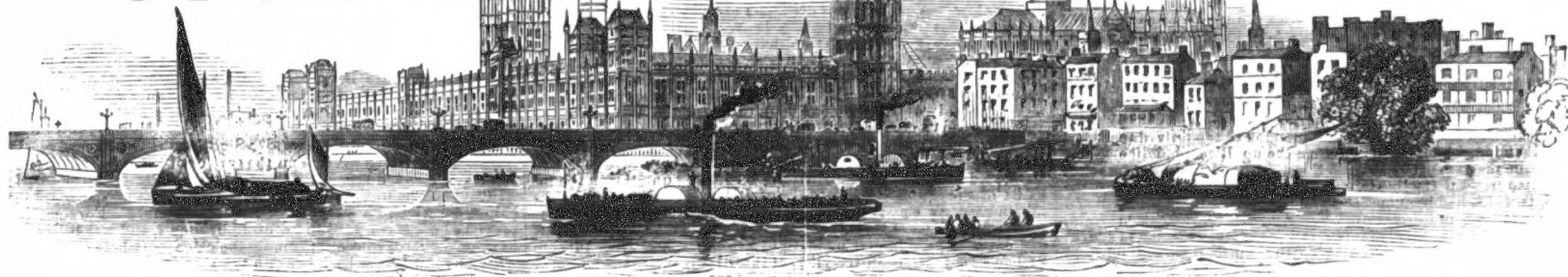


*John Smith 313 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 101.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES' TROOP SHIP SULTANA.—ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST. (See page 771.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, under command of Lord Elcho, were inspected by Colonel Erskine, Inspector-General of Volunteers, in Hyde-park, near Knightsbridge barracks. The regiment was highly complimented by the inspecting officer for its efficiency.

On Saturday evening, at five o'clock, a shocking occurrence took place near the Camberwell New-road Station of the Metropolitan Extension of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. At the hour in question, a workman, employed in the construction of the additional arches near the Camberwell Station, having done his work, proceeded to cross the railway to go home. He saw an express train approaching, and he hastily stepped aside into the six-foot way. While standing there an up-train came along and he got bewildered at the sudden shooting past him of the two trains. He fell, was crushed, and killed on the spot. He was taken up quite dead.

On Monday evening, about half-past five o'clock, a fearful collision occurred at the Nine Elms Station of the London and South Western Railway. It appears that the 4.50 up passenger train from Twickenham had arrived near the junction of the rails of the goods depot siding, which branch off from the up Richmond line nearly opposite the gasometers at Nine Elms. A goods train had just been shunted from off the line into the yard, and it is supposed that the plates which had been opened to allow this to pass into the depot had not been properly closed again. The Twickenham train, which was fortunately running rather slowly, as it had to stop at Vauxhall, instead of continuing on the up-line, turned off into the goods yard, and ran into an engine and trucks with fearful violence, the driver, fireman, and guard of the passenger train being seriously injured, the fireman, who is stated to have been nearly buried in the coals which were thrown out of the tender upon him, having suffered the most. Several of the passengers received injuries, and suffered greatly from the alarm caused by the shock of the collision. The carriages and vans were much damaged. Mr. Godson, the traffic superintendent of the line, who lives near the depot, was soon on the spot, and gave directions for the removal of the affrighted passengers. Those of the passengers who were injured were removed in cabs to their homes, while the disabled trucks, one of which had mounted the embankment of the line and destroyed a portion of the telegraph, were also cleared from the rails.

A MEETING of delegates from reformers in various parts of the kingdom was held on Monday at Manchester. Resolutions were proposed expressing dissatisfaction with the present state of the representation of the people as a gross injustice to the working classes, regret that Government has abandoned the reform question, and an opinion that reformers throughout the country should support at the next general election only such candidates as are favourable to the introduction of a comprehensive measure of reform in the next session of parliament.

AN INQUIRY was held by Mr. J. W. Payne, deputy coroner, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on Monday, respecting the death of Richard Harding, aged fourteen years. The deceased was employed in the playing-room of Norton's Steam Sawmill, Wharf-road, City-road, and he was cautioned not to wear an apron when at work. He disregarded the warning, however, and on Saturday morning, when he was in the room above the engine, the leather band, five inches wide, that worked the machinery caught his apron, and whirled him with frightful velocity over the drum. It then threw him off to a distance of twelve feet. He received terrible injuries, and died soon afterwards. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE SUNDAY BANDS IN THE PARKS.—On Sunday last was commenced in the Regent's-park the tenth season of these bands. The weather, upon the fitness of which success so much depends, was too doubtful to give the committee any great expectations; 2,600 pence were, however, taken. The band, as usual, twenty-five in number, is again under the direction of Mr. Sidney Davis, and many of the original committee may still be seen at their post of self-imposed and gratuitous labour in the vending of programmes. The Victoria-park band commences next Sunday, on which occasion will be used for the first time the new platform (similar to that in the Regent's-park) recently erected for them by the Chief Commissioner of Works. Mr. Thomas Shapcott will again wield the baton. The report of last season shows that in the two parks 65,360 pence were taken, and the joint committee commences the present with the balance of £15 15s., all claims upon them for the nine seasons having been met in full; and when it is borne in mind that music is expensive, the committee paying the performers 7s. 6d. each if fine, and half-pay if raining, which, with printing, makes the cost for the Regent's-park some £12 each performance, it will be seen that the receipts and expenditure throughout so long a period have been very evenly balanced.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. LINCOLN.—It has been ascertained on good authority that Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the late President, is a native of Monmouthshire. Her maiden name was Jenkins, and her father was for some time sexton of St. Paul's Church, Newport. He married a Miss Russell, who was in the employ of Sir Thomas Salisbury, of Llanwrn, and the issue of the marriage was two daughters. The family afterwards emigrated to America, and it appears that Mr. Lincoln selected one of the daughters to be his partner in life.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

DEATH IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—About twelve o'clock on Thursday night the officials at Stafford Railway Station received a telegram from Tamworth Station, stating that there was a corpse in one of the carriages of the down Scotch mail train, and ordering preparations to be made for its removal. Upon the arrival of the mail at Stafford Station, the body was discovered to be that of Mr. Robert Grierson, whose death took place under the following melancholy circumstances:—The deceased, who was a young man about twenty-five years of age, was a native of Dumfries, and up to the time of his death carried on business as a woollen-draper in Whitechapel, London. During the last twelve months he has been suffering from consumption, and on Friday last he became much worse, and sent to Dumfries for his father, who immediately proceeded to London to see him. Finding that his chance of recovery was hopeless, the deceased, accompanied by his father, left London on Thursday night by the Scotch mail for Dumfries. After leaving Rugby, and just before reaching Tamworth, the young man was suddenly taken worse, and immediately after he expired in his father's arms in the railway carriage.—*Manchester Examiner.*

MURDER OF A MISSIONARY IN NEW ZEALAND.—The following telegram from Sydney, dated March 25th, has been published by a contemporary:—"New Zealand" news to the 11th has been received. Omatiki has been captured; fifteen of the enemy were killed and eighty taken prisoners. The Pai Mariri natives at Omatiki have taken and destroyed the schooner *Edipoe*, murdered the Rev. Mr. Volkner, and eaten his brain and eyes. They have taken the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Dr. Agnew, and Capt. — prisoners. A second despatch, dated Sydney, 27th March, is in corroboration of the first:—"The friendly natives have taken Omatiki and several important chiefs prisoners. John Williams was killed in the attack. The Pai Mariri fanatics have visited Omatiki, hung and beheaded the Rev. Mr. Volkner, abandoned by and vainly calling upon his flock for aid. They scooped out and ate his brains. A fanatic priest ate his eyes. Mr. Volkner died calmly, praying. The treasurer's budget at Sydney has been postponed."

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

A Paris letter contains the following:—"Clean shirts are at this moment unobtainably scarce in Paris. Your correspondent has not been able to get any linen home for the last three weeks; and suspecting that the washerwoman's husband was wearing his shirts—no uncommon practice—he was seriously thinking of an application to the police, when he learned that all the world is in as bad a case as himself, the working washerwomen of Paris having struck for wages. The fair washerwomen demand three francs a day for eight hours' work, and stand out so obstinately that very few employers can get a stroke of work done. 'Here,' says the *Temps*, 'we have a strike which comes immediately home to every one, high or low. What are the Parisiennes to do this fine May weather without those white collars and sleeves which they so greatly affect? How are they to go into the country on a Sunday?'"

The *Art Musical* says that M. Bagier, the manager of the Italian Opera, was admitted to an audience with the Empress Regent last Sunday, and that he solicited from her Majesty a renewal of the annual subsidy of 100,000*fr.* (£4,000), of which the Italian theatre was some time since deprived. M. Bagier had the honour of her Majesty's acquaintance long ago in Madrid, where he was the manager of a theatre. Five Mexican journalists have been arrested, and were tried by a French court-martial, for having questioned the legality of French martial law in the capital of Maximilian's flourishing and orderly empire. Among the news brought by the Florida on Sunday is that of their conviction and sentence to imprisonment and fines, varying from one month to two years, and from 1*fr.* to 2,000*fr.* (£80). Captain Levryer, of the 81st Regiment, who acted as judge-advocate on the occasion, made a speech for the prosecution, in which occurs the following wonderful specimen of military eloquence:—

"A soldier by profession, and a magistrate only accidentally, I have no rhetorical talent, and can only trust to simple good sense to guide me through the arena of the law. But deeply sensible of the responsibility which weighs upon me, and of the grave interests with which I am charged, I shall remain—like Marius in the *Mistramus* March—calm, amidst the poisonous lava vomited by the vile pamphleteers now standing before you, and which rise from too low a level to reach you directly."

## BELGIUM.

The *Independence Belge* says:—"We again receive from Laeken the satisfactory news we have reported for the last few days. The formula is the same; his Majesty is still getting better. In consequence of this happy amelioration, which continues, and which we announce with the greatest satisfaction, we shall refrain from publishing our daily bulletin. We shall only recommence it if, which we hope is scarcely probable, his Majesty's state should so far be modified as to lose the character it now possesses."

## SPAIN.

Madrid letters, confirming the long-standing impression that a political convulsion, if not a revolution, was at hand, say that the Narvaez Cabinet is on its last legs. The Spaniards are now showing their opposition by means analogous to those used by the Italians towards Austria in 1859. They absent themselves from the bull-fights where the ground is kept by that municipal guard which acquired a sad celebrity in the night of April 10, by shooting down the people. Passive resistance is the order of the day. At the election for Saragossa, which took place the other day, out of 1,385 electors only forty-six went to the poll, and their votes returned the Government candidate, M. Manuel Esponera, to that Cortes upon whose frail support Narvaez relies.

## AMERICA.

General Grant has returned from the front, and is said to express much gratification at the prompt execution of the orders of the Government in reference to the agreement between General Sherman and Johnson. General Sherman met the Lieutenant-general twenty miles from the front. The *Herald* says that he received the order of disapproval with most commendable good grace. "There was no hesitation (it adds), no murmuring, nor any expression of dissatisfaction at the disapproval of the terms entered into between him and the rebel general; but, without any delay or argument in defence of the course previously pursued, General Sherman and his generals, with true soldierly spirit, set to work with alacrity to carry out the views of the Government communicated by General Grant. Within five minutes a despatch was sent to Johnston terminating the armistice upon the receipt of the notification by the rebel pickets, and orders were given for our troops in the rear to move up to the front. In a few hours General Frank Blair, with his corps, was in motion. General Sherman had informed Johnston that the Government would not sanction the terms proposed, and that he should immediately resume hostilities. Immediately upon the receipt of this notice Johnston sent back a flag of truce, asking an interview with Sherman to arrange other terms of surrender, which was promptly made, upon the basis of the terms given to General Lee."

The force actually surrendered numbered 27,000 men, and included Generals Beauregard, Hardee, and Breckinridge, together with the North and South Carolina, and the Gulf States Militia.

Wade Hampton refused to be surrendered, and is reported to have been shot by Johnston during a personal altercation. Other accounts, however, state that he fled with Davis.

THE ASSASSIN'S TOMB.—We hope the report is true that the Government has disposed of the body of the assassin Booth in such a way that its resting place will never be known. The best thing that his relatives can wish for him is that his name and memory may perish for ever, and every consideration of good taste and the public interest demands that no encouragement should be given to that morbid public appetite which glorifies great criminals and craves constant memorials of their crimes. The grave of the assassin of the President, if known, would be visited by thousands from curiosity, and would become a celebrated resort of sight-seers, whose detestation of the deed would be overborne or modified by that strange wonder which always surrounds acts of desperate hardness. We trust the secret of Booth's sepulchre will never be revealed.—*New York Times.*

A HOUSE SWALLOWED UP.—One of the most extraordinary accidents that has been recorded for many years took place at Prince's Town, near the town of Tredegar, South Wales. A boy was passing along the road, when, as he was looking at a cottage inhabited by a man named Evan Jenkins and his family, he thought that he observed a movement on the part of the masonry. On watching it more narrowly he was satisfied that the framework of the window was sinking, and being apprehensive that the foundation of the structure was giving way, he ran to the door and alarmed the inmates, who were seated round the table at breakfast. By this time the floor began to shake, and the terrified persons immediately ran into the road, and had scarcely done so when the house began to sink through the ground, and in a very short time was entirely out of sight, leaving the site upon which it had stood an open chain filled to within some yards of the road with earth and stones which had fallen in from the sides. It would seem that the ground on which the cottage was raised stood over a disused colliery, and the earth must have first given way at a depth of fully 100 feet below the surface.

## General News.

It is said that among Mr. Lincoln's papers has been found a package of letters marked in his own handwriting, "Assassination Letters." While many of them threatened his life, others warned him of plots to take it.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Nord* says, that the ladies of the Russian capital have subscribed a considerable sum for a large crucifix of lapis lazuli adorned with precious stones, which is to be made and sent to the Princess Dagmar, with an address of condolence. At Moscow a Bible, bound in gold, is being prepared for the same purpose. Much sympathy with the Princess Dagmar is felt in St. Petersburg.

THE young English tenor, Mr. Tom Hobler, has been singing with immense success at Milan. The newspapers of that operatic city speak of his performance in the *Puritani* in terms of rapturous praise which to our colder sense appear somewhat excessive. His voice is described as rich, pure, flexible, and sympathetic, and especially adapted to Rossini music, and his method and style are equally commended. One journal promises him a career which will eclipse the successes of his most brilliant predecessors and contemporaries.

THE body of Staff-Commander Stott, of the Coastguard service, has been discovered floating on the surface of the river Lee, Ireland, within a short distance of her Majesty's steamship *Frederick William*. The unfortunate gentleman was an officer on board that ship, from which he was missed three weeks since. For some days previous he was confined to his cabin by illness, and was believed to have precipitated himself through the cabin port-hole into the sea. The body must have been beneath the ship from the moment of his death until a few hours before its recovery. The deceased, who leaves a widow and orphans, would, if he had lived a few months longer, have been entitled to retire on full pay. When the body was found the only covering was a night-dress, which shows he had only left his bed at the moment he got into the water. His previous demeanour was such that many believe he met his death when in a state of somnambulism, or in a sudden attack of delirium.

THE *West Sussex Gazette* records a batch of natural history curiosities at Brighton. A cat has a litter of fifteen kittens. Last year, it appears, this prolific Grimaldin had a litter of eleven young ones. In the same town there are a couple of tame foxes domiciled at an hotel; the female has just given birth to three young Reynards. At Bosham, in Sussex, a litter of young orphan rabbits was dug out and thrown to a cat, which was bringing up a young family; one of them was adopted into the family, and is now being suckled with kittens.

THE Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has presented the Rev. Thomas Hullah, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, perpetual curate of Tidesford, near St. German's, Jorwall, to the rectory of Calstock, near Tavistock, vice the Rev. Thomas Bachelor, M.A.

THE South-Western Company are building first class carriages with windows for passengers in different compartments of the same carriage to communicate with one another. A South-Western official, on being asked the object of the windows, said that it was to prevent passengers from being maulerized.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

## MONDAY.

An important meeting like that of last week at Chester, besides involving a heavy settling, always gives a fresh impetus to speculation; but there was nothing to mark that a great meeting had just passed off. It is true that in the morning, at the Victoria Club, there were some startling movements in connexion with Gladstair for the Derby, but the demonstration was a mere flash in the pan, the French horse having been fairly reinstated in public favour at Knightsbridge, where he left off firmer at 6 to 1. The Duke trotted very close upon his heels, but towards the close of business 7 to 1 was freely offered "bar one." Notwithstanding the "unkind" performance of Broomfield in the *Deo Stakes*, he has a host of admirers, who still believe that he is the best of the Spring Cottage stable, and that he will carry Mr. Chaplin's "first colours" at Epsom; and the "uncle" is therefore supported in preference to the son of Blink Bonny. He was frequently inquired after to-day, and before the close of the room 14 to 1 was asked for in vain. Longdown was also in force at the same prices, but Christmas Carol was backed for more money than anything, 20 to 1 being taken to several hundred pounds. The settling was heavy, but we heard no serious complaints, and no "shorts" were announced.

DERBY.—6 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Gladstair (t); 7 to 1 agst Marquis of Hastings' The Duke (t and off); 9 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Archimedes (t and off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. H. Chaplin's Broomfield (t); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Wild Charley (t); 14 to 1 agst Mr. H. Chaplin's Broomfield (t and w); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Spencer's Longdown (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor (off, 20 to 1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. T. Wadlow's Christmas Carol (t); 25 to 1 agst Marquis of Hastings' Kangaroo (off; t 28 to 1); 40 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Kestrel (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Durham's Ariel (t); 100 to 1 agst Mr. G. Reynolds's Richmond (t).

EXECUTION AT TANGIER.—On the 30th of April, at the market place, in the outskirts of Tangier, the execution of a Moor for the murder of his mother took place. The culprit was brought out from the prison, in which he had been incarcerated for some time pending his trial, with his hands tied to his side, and, being placed in an erect position, a soldier was ordered to fire a pistol-shot which did not kill him. Immediately afterwards another Moor stepped up to the open ground where the body lay, and finished the execution by chopping his head off with a common axe. The head was afterwards exposed to public view.—*Gibraltar Chronicle.*

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—We understand that a large sum has been subscribed by members of the Middle Temple for a full-length portrait of his royal highness, who is one of the masters of their bench, to be placed in the new library of the society. We are likewise informed that the subscription list will be closed on Thursday, the 15th June, the last day of Trinity Term. The maximum subscription is two guineas.

THE PRESIDENT'S SAFETY.—The late President's body guard continue on duty about the person of President Johnson. This company consists of one select man from each county in Ohio, and numbers nearly 100 men. A sufficient force of this guard is upon duty at all times, and the visitor who calls upon the President at his temporary mansion is confronted, immediately upon approaching the door, by three or four soldiers, who do not permit him to advance further until his name has been sent in and the order given by the President to admit him. In the hall adjoining the reception-room are also found soldiers of genteel deportment, who quietly remain about the entrances, within a few feet of Mr. Johnson. Sentinels also constantly surround the house upon the streets and in the lot upon which the building stands. In fact, every reasonable precaution is taken to prevent any violence being attempted upon the President.—*New York Times.*

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SKETCHES IN PERSIA.—THE PILGRIMS' GATE AT DJEDDA.

was also the father-in-law of Omar, seized upon the sovereignty, which he transmitted to his second son-in-law. Ali, who not only had married the daughter of Mahomet, but was also his nephew, demanded the succession in right of blood, but without success. Nevertheless, at the death of Aboubeh, he attempted to obtain it for his family, and perished in the attempt. He was succeeded by the followers of Omar, who were the most numerous. Hussein and Hassan, the two sons of Ali, wished to avenge his death, and obtain by force of arms what had been snatched from the hands of their father; but the first, attacked by Yezid, one of Omar's generals, upon the banks of the Euphrates, near to Kербел, lost his life; the other was poisoned.

Thus was settled a question, which for more than five hundred years made in Persia a schism in opposition to the Turkish orthodoxy, and caused all the wars to which religious fanaticism lent all the violence of an ardent faith. Notwithstanding these differences of opinion—minor points with the Turks—it does not prevent them journeying together to Mecca, to pray at the tomb of Mahomet. We have made this the subject of a sketch, where Turks and Per-

#### SKETCHES IN PERSIA.

We herewith present our readers with two interesting Persian sketches. The first is the "Pilgrims' Gate at Djedda," and the second a "Caravan Travelling across the Desert."

Among the most curious spectacles witnessed in Persia are its religious feasts celebrated at the commencement of the new year—the first day of the Moharrren. The Persians call these feasts E'id Qell, the feast of the martyr, or, more commonly, Tazieh. They are held in memory of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, and of his sons Hussein and Hassan, whose tragical end engendered the schism that divides the Mussulmans into Sunnites, or followers of Omar, and Ohyas or Ohyites, followers of Ali. This schism, which has not at all changed in fact the doctrine of Mahomet, is based upon the heritage of Ali, as son-in-law, and of Hussein and Hassan, as grandsons of Mahomet, to the detriment of Aboubeh and of Omar, whom the Persians consider as impostors.

After the death of the prophet, his father-in-law, Aboubeh, who

sians may be seen preparing to set out from Djedda, through the Pilgrims' Gate.

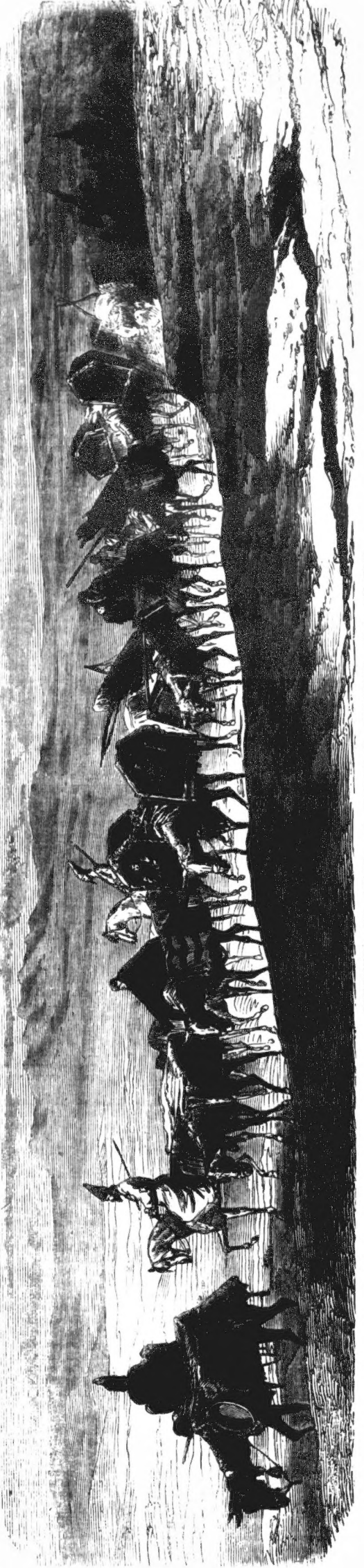
The Persian authorities view these pilgrimages with aught rather than favour, and have often attempted to stem the torrent of pilgrims. But nothing has availed to quench the popular enthusiasm for the memory of martyr, whose sufferings are renewed, yearly, before the eyes of the people. The difficulties, and even dangers of the way, seem to invest the expedition with powers of attraction, and enhance the merit of the pilgrimage. In any case, thousands pour on, in spite of hostile Arabs and excited Turks.

There are only two modes of travelling in Persia, either by *tekepar*, or post, or by caravan. The latter, although slow, is the surest of the two. Every year at different periods a long string of mules and camels loaded with merchandise set out from all the large towns. These caravans are generally accompanied by thousands of pilgrims on horses, donkeys, and mules. The Persians are of a wandering disposition, and when obliged to lead a sedentary life, content themselves with living under a tent in the open air. Travelling to them is the *bona fide* of existence. The long hours

of repose during the day, the gentle march of the night, the boundless desert, and the melancholy songs which hasten the steps of the exhausted camels, are to them quite enchanting.

They are soon prepared for the longest journey. They fasten to the saddle a double sack, containing a few garments, their cooking utensils, and the *kudoun*—the inseparable companion of their existence, the consolation in all their troubles. A mule is laden with a carpet and a sack, containing rice and sour milk. Thus equipped, they could travel during their whole lives, without suffering in the least from fatigue—sleeping during the day, travelling by night, driving sleep off by smoking their perfumed tobacco, or by chanting those plaintive songs which remind one of the old liturgical chants.

As for the women, they are as carefully veiled on the roads as they are in the towns. A double basket, called *kedjars*, is placed on a mule; these baskets hold two women, provided they sit perfectly still. Very often a screen of red stuff is fixed in front of the basket, so that the travelling harem is secured from the prying eye of the stranger.



SKETCHES IN PERSIA.—A CARAVAN CROSSING THE DESERT.







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## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A.M.	P.M.
21	First iron boat launched, 1777	9 20	9 56
20	Reformation Sunday	10 33	11 40
22	Marshall Field's died, 1864	11 40	
23	Sir J. Franklin sailed, 1845	0 9	0 36
24	Queen Victoria born, 1819	1 2	1 29
25	Ascension Day. Princess Helena born, 1846	1 55	2 17
26	Trinity Term begins	2 41	3 4
27	Moon's Changes.—New moon, 24th, 10a. 49m. p.m.		
Sunday Lessons.			

MORNING. AFTERNOON.  
Deut. 8; Matt. 19. Deut. 9; 1 Cor. 4.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Rogation Sunday, 21st.—Rogation Week, also termed "Green Week," from the circumstance of green meat being eaten instead of flesh, was celebrated as lately as the seventeenth century, by public religious ceremonies.

Ascension Day.—Holy Thursday.—On Ascension Day the charity school children still perambulate the streets to mark the boundaries of the parishes, in conformity with a regulation made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. From this circumstance it is also called Procession Week in old almanacs.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

DAVID McIL.—Apply to Mr. Algar, Australian newspaper agent, No. 11, Clement's-lane, London.

C. G. G.—Send us your address and we will recommend you a respectable London solicitor.

C. W.—Your request is an advertisement, and could only be inserted as such.

W. O. P.—John Kemble took his farewell leave of the public at Covent Garden Theatre in 1817, and his brother Charles in 1810.

TRAVEL.—In the absence of any agreement to the contrary you must give six months' notice, such notice to expire at the same period of the year you commenced your tenancy.

B. H.—The Chelsea Physic Garden at Chelsea was originated by Sir Hans Sloane, and was presented to the Apothecaries' Company in 1721.  
SUSANNAH.—It is stated that the first printed play was "The Wedding," by Shirley, printed in 1639, and first performed at the Cockpit Theatre.  
JOHN P.—Banks are a Venetian invention, and the first was invented in 1550. Banks were established at Barcelona in 1491; at Genoa, in 1497; at Amsterdam in 1609; in London, 1694; Edinburgh, 1695; and at Paris, in 1716.  
OLD DAME.—Yes. The first Drury Lane Theatre was often called, and indeed printed on the tickets as the Jovian Garden Theatre.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

A DRAMATIC death has been the lot of the actor who murdered President Lincoln. A fate, too, like a soldier's has ended the career of one whose deed has made every soldier on both sides indignant or ashamed. The details which we receive from several sources of the death of this man and the capture of his accomplice form one of the most interesting narratives of the war. The act of assassination was in itself full of horrible audacity, and the sequel is in keeping with it. When the murderer leapt from the box on to the stage, a height of nine or ten feet, he broke his leg. He is described as having been beat double with the shock of his fall, but he had the energy to rise up and shout out the motto of Virginia as the defence of his crime. Still the leap proved tolerably fatal to him. With that disregard of pain which is often shown in the first moments of a wound by men under the influence of strong excitement he was able with his broken leg to rush across the stage, overturn those who were in his way, mount a horse, and gallop off. But in a short time the hurt disabled him. He was obliged to have the leg set, and for the few days that he had to live must have been in great pain and nearly disabled. All the resources of the Washington Government were employed to find him. His refuge was at first unknown. Whether he remained hidden in Washington or its suburbs, or was lurking in Maryland, or had contrived to cross the Potomac, and had pushed into the interior of Virginia with the intention of escaping southward, could only be guessed. Those conversant with the political state of the country seem, however, to have formed a shrewd judgment as to the place of his concealment. In the low lands of Maryland which lie to the east and south of Washington, between the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, exists a population which is said to be strongly Confederate in feeling. They are not very numerous; they cannot be very rich; their country is swampy and unhealthy, but such an asylum as they had they were suspected of being willing to offer to John Wilkes Booth. In this region, accordingly, the United States cavalry and police made a strict search. They were furnished with that potent instrument of detection, a photograph of the criminal, and for ten days they pursued him incessantly. A little army was employed on this service, and at last success rewarded the exertions of Colonel Baker, to whom had been committed the task of discovering the assassin. The details of the capture will be found in our columns. Booth, it was discovered, had really secreted himself in the peninsula, but finding, doubtless, that his pursuit was made after him, he had crossed the river into Virginia, at a place called Port Royal. He was followed, and in the night of Tuesday, the 25th of April, a party arrived at the house of an old man named Garrett, who it proved had harboured the fugitives. The old man and his son were forced by threats to reveal their place of concealment, which was a neighbouring barn. Then followed a singular scene. For more than an hour did the pursuers parley with the assassin. The correspondents of the New York papers tell the story with little variation, and there can be no doubt that it is in the main correct. Booth preserved his bravado to the last, and is reported to have asked the soldiers to retire to a distance, so that there might be a fair fight between them. His companion was less obstinate, and soon gave himself up. Booth in the end was shot by a certain Sergeant Corbett, a man of English descent.

THE approach of the dog-days has not unnaturally called forth some complaints with respect to the unfortunate quadrupeds to whom they owe their name. "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," is a proverb which may probably claim a remote antiquity for its origin, but which seems to have lost all its practical significance in the present day. The bad name most unquestionably has survived, but the penalty is, in modern times, a dead letter. From all parts of the kingdom there is a chorus of complaints, the burden of which is invariably the same—viz., that the neighbourhood is overrun with dogs, who, having no ostensible owners, get their livelihood by preying upon the public, and occasionally vary an otherwise unbroken career of theft and degradation by onslaughts, in a state of madness, upon the persons as well as upon the property of the community. So lately ago as Friday Week an inquest was held by Mr. Payne upon the body of a boy of twelve years old who had died of hydrophobia. Upon examination it transpired that he had been bitten about three months ago by a large dog, while "just turning into Holborn from Cannonry-lane," or, in other words, in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the metropolis. "The dog would not let go his hand until beaten off by a man," and the wound, although properly dressed at the time, proved mortal in the end. Now, it is simply monstrous that an occurrence of this sort should be possible in a city populated by two millions of inhabitants, and protected by some seven or eight thousand police. Still, monstrous as it is, it is hardly surprising, if it be true, as has been recently calculated, that there are at least fifty thousand dogs in London and its suburbs for which no dog tax is paid; and which, in a majority of instances, accordingly, are probably expected to "get their own living." Yet all this might be prevented by regulations comparatively simple in themselves, and certainly involving no trouble in carrying them out at all proportionate to the benefits which they would entail. In the first place, the master of every house should be held *prima facie* responsible for the tax on every dog kept there. In the second, no dog should be suffered to run at large without the name and address of his owner being legibly engraved on his collar. And in the third, all dogs found without such a passport for their respectability should be instantly destroyed by the police. Were this done, not only would a frightful eyecore be removed from our streets, but

human life, which is already exposed to enough adverse contingencies, would be spared a needless additional peril. One such case as that which we have detailed ought to be amply sufficient to ensure the adoption of adequate precautions. Unhappily, if more were required, more would easily be forthcoming.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

## GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Bedding-out plants should now be got in. If you want your garden to look really pretty, pay particular attention to the contrasts in colour. Commence with calceolarias, verbenas, scarlet geraniums, &c., leaving heliotropes, dahlias, anagallis, and such as are very susceptible of cold till the weather becomes more settled. Last week, for instance, was a trying week for young and tender plants. Thin out annuals, stake and tie up carnations and pinks, and continue to remove exuberant shoots and small buds of pinks. Put in cuttings of chrysanthemums in a light soil under a hand glass. Thin the shoots of herbaceous plants, such as phloxes, and let each shoot be properly staked.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow cabbage, also cauliflower; prick out early sowings of Brussels sprouts. Top broad beans as soon as the pods begin to appear at the lower part of the stem. Thin onions, leaving the strongest four or five inches apart, and plant the thinning, if required, in showery weather. Earth up potatoes; sow main crop of scarlet runners; also another sowing of peas. Sow early horn carrots; prick out savoy and kale. Sow and thin parsley and radishes. Plant out tomatoes under a south wall or fence. Thin early crops of spinach.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Gradually divert fruit trees of their superfluous shoots, and apply the syringe or engine frequently. Water strawberry trees freely if growing in a dry situation.

## PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, after several petitions had been presented from officers of the Indian army complaining of the manner in which the amalgamation with the army of the Queen had been effected, the Earl of Donoughmore at some length directed attention to the grievances under which the petitioners were suffering, and expressed a hope that Government would take the matter into their serious consideration, and, if necessary, agree to a commission of inquiry. Lord Dufferin, speaking in behalf of the Indian Government, contended that if any grievances had ever existed, they had not only been removed by the arrangements recently made, but the position of these officers was better now than previously. He intimated, however, that a commission would be issued to inquire how far the recommendations of the former commission had been carried out. Lord Lyndes expressed an opinion that the Indian Government had treated the officers of the Indian army in a shabby and ungenerous spirit, for, from the first, so far from attending to their complaints, they had declined to carry out the recommendations of a royal commission in their favour. Instead of suspending the matter by commission after commission, it would be much better to meet these complaints in a wise and liberal manner. Lord Houghton strongly supported the claims of the petitioners, which were disputed by the Duke of Argyll. Observations were also made by Lord Oranworth in explanation of the proceedings of the last commission; and the Earl of Donoughmore, in briefly replying, ridiculed the appointment of another commission. Lord Houghton inquired whether the Government intended to withdraw the admission of belligerent rights which they had conceded to the so-called Confederate States of America. Earl Russell objected to the wording of the question and to the time of putting it as inopportune. It was not a question of concession but of actual rights from the moment that the President of the United States proclaimed a blockade of all the ports of the South, and her Majesty must either have conceded them or disputed their exercise. The former course was adopted; for unless that had been done the United States could not have exercised the right of search in time. The question was inopportune, for at present it was very difficult to say what was the state of the case. The Government were anxious to know what course the United States intended to pursue, and until they knew that it was impossible to give an answer to his noble friend.

In the House of Commons the subject of Lord Westbury's exercise of nepotism in the distribution of the patronage under his control was, for the first time, formally noticed in a series of questions put by Mr. Farrand to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General, in reply, said that Mr. Wilde, registrar of bankruptcies at Leeds, was not called upon by any bankruptcy official to resign his post, but he was asked to answer certain complaints of irregularities, not of a pecuniary character, that had been made against him by Mr. Commissioner Ayrton, and the answer he sent in was not considered satisfactory. At the same time the chief registrar was informed that Mr. Wilde's health was not good, and that he would be entitled to retire under a section of the New Bankruptcy Act. Influenced by a kindly feeling, the chief registrar wrote to Mr. Wilde and said that, if the fact was as represented, it might be desirable that he should retire. Whereupon Mr. Wilde sent in a petition verified on oath, and accompanied by the certificate of an eminent medical man at Leeds, setting forth that Mr. Wilde had for some time past been afflicted with a failure of sight and could not satisfactorily perform the duties of his office. Under these circumstances he was permitted to resign with the pension of £500 a year, to which he was entitled under the Bankruptcy Act. With regard to the appointment of Mr. Welch (who it was alleged was merely put in the place till Mr. Bethell, Lord Westbury's son, who had been ousted, was qualified for the post) as Mr. Wilde's successor, that gentleman had for some time before been strongly recommended for such an office by the late Sir W. Atherton, when Attorney-General, and Mr. Edward James, Attorney-General for the County Palatine of Lancaster. The Lord Chancellor had never seen Mr. Welch in his life, and until Mr. Farrand's questions were put on the notice paper he had never heard that he had been in a precarious or bad state of health. As to the alleged arrangement for the benefit of Mr. Richard Bethell, all that he could say was that no such arrangement had ever been proposed or thought of. The fact was, that at the time of the appointment of Mr. Welch, which took place on the 30th of July last, there was no salary, for that was not issued until the 15th of December following against Mr. Richard Bethell. With respect to the concluding portion of the hon. member's inquiries, Mr. Richard Bethell was never appointed a registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy at Leeds at all. A vacancy had arisen in London by the resignation of Mr. Richard Bethell, for reasons which made the Lord Chancellor consider that resignation necessary. Afterwards the noble and learned lord was pressed to appoint Mr. Welch to London, and transfer Mr. Bethell to Leeds, but he positively refused to do so; and if Mr. Richard Bethell had on the 24th of February stated to officials of the Bankruptcy Court at Leeds that he had been appointed registrar, that was said and done altogether without the knowledge or sanction of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. J. White inquired whether the Government had determined to withdraw its recognition of the belligerent rights of the so-called Confederate States. Lord Palmerston, who had a few minutes before entered and taken his usual seat amidst loud cheers from his supporters, said that whenever the Government of the United States should declare that it had ceased to exercise, with regard to neutrals, those rights of search, capture, and condemnation which belonged to a belligerent, then, of course, the war, so far as neutrals were concerned, would be at an end, and there would be no longer any acknowledgment of belligerent rights either on one side or the other.



## Dramatic, Music, etc.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—Miss Emma Murray made her second appearance on Saturday evening last in "Lucia di Lammermoor." On the previous Thursday she was evidently indisposed, in consequence of a rough passage across the Channel; but, on Saturday, although not entirely recovered, the utmost unusualness prevailed as to the remarkable talents and powers of the artist, and everybody acknowledged that a new star of the first magnitude had risen in the musical horizon. Miss de Murray has a wonderful brilliancy of execution. Her expression is varied and truthful, her feeling intense, her judgment irreproachable, her taste exquisite. As a vocalist we know no singer in the present day who can surpass her—only one or two, indeed, who can equal her. In one respect she differs from all living singers, and brings to our recollection Pasta and Malibran. Although possessed of extraordinary fluency, and capable of singing scales and chromatic passages with the greatest rapidity, she sometimes executes them in a slow manner as possible, thereby demonstrating more than if she took them at lightning speed the command she has over her voice. Miss de Murray, too, has high pretensions as an actress. She has great earnestness of look, is remarkably prepossessing in appearance, and as graceful and easy in her motions and actions as a lion. Indeed she fascinates the spectator at a glance, and commands his attention without an effort. Further, Miss de Murray looks to the line the part of Lucy Ashton, whom Scott so eloquently describes. She betrays a fund of passion and force which might seem to recommend her as suited to characters of a more tragic tendency. The mingled sorrow and despair of the scene with the brother, in which, by means of the forged epistle, Lucia is assured of her lover's perfidy, is at the same time true to nature and managed with the finest art, while the mad scene represents a series of pictures as varied and beautiful as they are powerfully affecting. The mad scene constitutes the culminating scene of Miss de Murray's performance; and here, indeed, we are inclined to think the new singer surpasses all her predecessors. The enthusiasm which followed this scene on Saturday night defied description. The stage was literally covered with the bouquet. There was no mistaking this furor. It was genuine, was escorted from the moment, and the wail of the audience, like an individual, pulsated with the acknowledgment that a great artist was in their presence. At Jouanin, the new tenor, possesses several commendable qualities, the best of which are an excellent voice and strong feeling and expression. He is also a good artist and experienced. His last scene and some telling points, and his success was not to be denied. Mr. Bentley is admirable as Enrico, and sings the music with splendid effect. The rapacious encore awarded to the famous quiet and chorus in the scene to the second act was indebted to no small degree to Mr. Bentley's powerful staging and to his voice, not to be surpassed for power and sonority. On Tuesday evening "Fidelio" was given, with Miss Emma Murray as Leonora, her grandest and most magnificent impersonation, and Signor Franz made his first appearance this season, as Florentino.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Miss Adeline Patti made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday last, selecting one of her most enchanting performances—Blossie in the "Barbier." Signor Mario playing Count Almiviva, a part which Rossini and Beaumarchais must have written expressly for him, so exquisitely do music and dramatic requirements concur to define him. Signor Bonconi also made his first appearance this season as Figaro, the witless part of the witless singer that ever trod the boards. Covent Garden, on Saturday evening, therefore, attracted an audience which literally filled the theatre from pit to gallery. Miss Patti is singing her best this year—if possibly better than her best; and she is still the sweetest and loveliest of vocalists. When Miss Patti appeared at the balcony in the first scene, the whole audience roared with enthusiasm; but when she made her appearance in the "Una voce" scene, the applause was literally overmastering. Signor Mario's performance of the love-making Count has always been one of the most finished portraits on the operatic stage. Signor Bonconi's elaborate touches of humour and exaggeration in his various parts were never more prominently shown. Signor Chetani makes an excellent Bartolo, and Signor Tegalliano, as Basilio, is furnished with one of those characters which his excellent judgment lends him thoroughly to identify without descending to caricature. Madame Tegalliano was the Barba, and Signor Colonna the Fiorillo. Miss Patti opened her "Ecco Song" for the "singing lesson," and repeated it in deference to an unanimous encore. The trio, "Zitti, Zitti," was also re-demanded. The principals crossed the stage at the end of the opera.

**DRURY LANE.**—The admirable season here was brought to a close last night (Saturday), Mr. Falconer taking his benefit on the occasion. On Monday evening "Love's Labour's Lost" was played for the last time. On Tuesday, "King Lear" was again produced. The popular favourite, Miss Lydia Thompson, took her benefit on Wednesday, when a most attractive programme was presented. First, in "Aladdin's Cave," Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. H. Dwyer, and the fair benefice appeared. The comic drama of "Good for Nothing" followed, with Miss Lydia Thompson as Nan (or the first time in London), and Mr. J. L. Lums as Tom Diddle; "Othello" and a comical introduction, Mr. Southern, were also included in the evening's entertainment. "Hamlet" was performed on Thursday for the benefit of Mr. Phelps, who, for the first time on this stage, personated the Prince of Denmark. Mr. Walter Lacy's benefit took place on Friday. He selected "Romeo and Juliet," with the following cast:—Romeo, Mr. J. N. Gilmour (pupil of Mr. Walter Lacy—his first appearance here); Mercutio, Mr. Walter Lacy; Friar Lawrence, Mr. H. Dwyer; Apothecary, Mr. G. Hume; Juliet, Mrs. Hermann Vesin; Nurse, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff.

**ADELPHI.**—After an absence of some weeks, Miss Bateman has made her re-appearance as Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of "Fazio," which she played for the first time in England. Bianca, we believe, was one of those parts in which Miss Bateman made her special reputation in America. Only the most accomplished artists have succeeded in interpreting the character of Bianca. Miss O'Neill first recommended the play to public notice some forty years ago. Miss Fanny Kemble selected Fazio for her first appearance in America in 1832, and all our legitimate tragediennes have attempted it since, with more or less success. Miss O'Connor was the last actress who created an unusual sensation in the part. Miss Bateman has not only the passion to give life and colour to her performance, but the natural ease and innate gracefulness of mind to confer a charm on whatever she undertakes. Bianca is not a character to interest us deeply, or claim our finest sympathies, but one rather who demands pity for her misfortunes and forgiveness for her folly and madness. Such a character, nevertheless, is profoundly dramatic, and becomes an excellent vehicle for the exhibition of passions on the stage. Miss Bateman has grasped the character in the fullest extent, and seems to have realized its every requirement. She has, we are inclined to think, won her greatest renown in her new character. The play of "Fazio" to many appears so distressing in the performance, and assuredly the distress is not mitigated by the extreme naturalness and reality of the acting, but all will discover in Miss Bateman's Bianca higher tragic power, a larger grasp of character, and a more elevated tone of sentiment, than in either Leah or Julia. No success could be more triumphant than that of Miss Bateman. Applauded vehemently in almost every scene, she has been recalled after each act, and at the fall of the curtain, led on, and greeted with loud and prolonged acclamations. Miss

Bateman is admirably supported by Mr. G. Jordan, as Fazio, and Mrs. Billington, as the haughty Adabella. "Fazio" is performed three times a week until the new play, now in active preparation for Miss Bateman, is ready.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—The season of the present management will be brought to a close this evening (Saturday); but Mr. Edgar will again open it in September. Next Monday Miss Catherine Lucette opens the theatre for a short season. During the past week several benefits have taken place, Mr. T. B. Bennett, Mr. J. Morant, Mr. H. Niel Warner, and Miss Lizzie Harrison having appeared to their friends.

**ASTLEY'S.**—"Gay Manner" has been produced here with unbounded applause. Apart from the simple grace and beauty of the music incidental to the piece, the strong dramatic interest causes it to retain the firmest hold upon public sympathies. The gipsy interest, which culminates in the picturesque character of Miss Lucette, is always keenly appreciated. With such names as Miss Louise Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Ostrail, Mrs. Weiss; with Messrs. W. Harrison, Weiss, St. Albyn, and Vernon Bigg, and a conductor so qualified for the duty as Mr. J. H. Tully, the various operas yet to be placed before the public can hardly fail to be properly interpreted. Miss Louise Pyne is, of course, the one bright particular star. Mr. Harrison as Henry Bertram was well received. Mr. Weiss gave most important assistance as Gabriel, the gipsy, and his highly dramatic version of "The Wolf" was unanimously redemanded. The Domine Sampson of Mr. Atkins was a careful, quiet, and artistic performance of the old tutor. Mr. Vernon Bigg, as Colonel Manner, has a voice of pleasant quality, but of no great strength, and is evidently unused to the stage. Mr. Basil Power played Dandie Dimont very faithfully. Mrs. Macready, the well-known American elocutionist, was engaged expressly for "Mag Mellona." Her version is by no means deficient in melodramatic earnestness. At the conclusion of the piece, the curtain was again raised for Messrs. Harrison, Bigg, and the Misses Pyne, to express their thanks for the applause bestowed. Mrs. Poynter and Mr. Johnstone, as Mrs. d'Udall and Basil Muckinall, did their best for the general good, and the small character of Flora was acted with much effect by Miss Sydney. "Aladdin" was the after-piece. Apollo himself could hardly have looked handsomer than Miss Ostrail, and as for the galaxy of divinities with looped-up dresses in the first scene, they must be seen to be believed in and appreciated. Mr. Atkins was the Midas; Mrs. Poynter, Myra; Miss Macready, Nyssa; and Miss Nesbit, Daphne. Mr. E. T. Smith's last venture is a most successful one, for the theatre has been crowded nightly. The dresses, scenery, and dancing are all that could be desired.

**OLIVY OF LONDON.**—On Monday evening last Mr. Nelson Lee took his annual benefit, and, as usual, it was a great event.

**NEW ROYALTY.**—Mr. J. G. Shore, the assiduous stage-manager of this establishment, took his benefit here on Thursday week, and was rewarded with a crowded house. The performance commenced with "Miss Fries All," in which Miss Ada Cavendish and Mr. Mowbray appeared to advantage. The new burlesque of "Fantasia" succeeded. "Fanny Married" introduced the benefice in his original character of Vincent White and Miss Lydia Malind in four personations; and the old Surrey farce of "The Two Poles" brought Mr. Widdowson from the Lyceum to the boards of the New Royalty, and enabled his genuine humour to find full scope for display and the audience to crown a pleasant evening with the heartiest laughter.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S.**—A new and original drama, in two acts, has been produced here, under the title of "A Fair Friendless." The author takes for the basis of his plot the historically correct incident of William Seymour, afterwards the Duke of Somerset, aiding the escape from prison of Lady Arabella Stuart, whom he had previously married. The time is that of James the First. The commander of the garrison, an amorous old man, called Sir Barnabas Braggington (Mr. Montgomery), has just returned from a visit to the British King, and from the royal lips has learned that a state prisoner will be conveyed to his care. The prisoner, for whose reception he has made formidable preparations, turns out to be a veiled female who is wounded and anxious interest by one Mark, a pedlar (Mr. Sydney Bancroft), a mysterious personage, who is evidently not what he seems. Susan Spruit (Miss Marie Wilson) has an accepted sweetheart in Gibson (Gibbins) (Mr. J. Clarke), a soldier on duty at the castle, and his jealousy is quickly aroused when he finds the pedlar engaged in close conversation with the object of his tender regard. The purpose of the interview which causes Gibson so much uneasiness is the disclosure of the name of the captive in the castle, and as Susan has formerly lived in the service of the Lady Arabella, the young lady gladly undertakes to assist the schemes of the supposed pedlar, who divulges himself to be Lord William Seymour, the husband of her benefice. Susan finding that Mark has already been accepted as a recruit for the garrison, contrives to get him appointed as a sentinel at a certain hour, when she propels the Lady Arabella should pass secretly down to the ferry boat, and thence accompany him to a French ship awaiting the success of their project. An equally disagreeable and disconcerting mistress, Kazia (Mrs. Daville), who exercises a strange power over the governor, disconcerts many of the arrangements made, but ultimately Susan gains her object. Disguising herself in the dress of the Lady Arabella, she keeps the governor in play whilst the prisoner and her husband avail themselves of the directions he so lucidly but unconsciously gives, and the assumption thus affords a warrant for the escape. The drama is to Miss Marie Wilson the success of the piece is largely owing, and her clever acting was heartily appreciated. Mr. Sydney Bancroft was not remarkable for excess of emotion as the disguised husband, and Mr. J. Clarke had to work very hard to make Gibson Gibbins a comic personage. Mr. Montgomery and Mrs. Daville took much pains with their respective personations. The "veiled female," discovered to be the Lady Arabella, is masterly personated by Miss L. George. Each act is illustrated by a cleverly painted and well-arranged scene, by Mr. Charles James, and the costumes, which are equally correct, are new and effective. The brisk burlesque of "Les Bonnamours" follows, and a most entertaining performance is brought to a close by "A Winning Hazard."

**PAVILION.**—This East-end establishment is now flourishing as an English opera house, with the following company:—Messrs. George Farren, Elliot Gales, Herbert Bond, Bennett (the new tenor), J. Austin, Tempest, and J. G. Patey; Misses Anna Miles, Dixon, and Fanny Reeves. The opera is under the direction of Mr. George Farren, and he has secured a most efficient band and chorus. On Monday "Lurline" was performed, concluding with "The Waterman."

**ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.**—The Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has signified his gracious intention to inaugurate the Central Hall of the Royal Dramatic College, on Monday, June 5.

Mr. BARNETT's concert this season will have very strong attractions. The most eminent talent of both the great Italian Opera Houses will assist in it, including Misses. Patti, Pauline Lucca, Charlotte Fatti, Fredini, and Furetti, as well as Signor Geronzi, Brignoli, Bonini, and Mr. Stanley, besides stars, both vocal and instrumental, including Madame A. Goudard, Joachim, Kreisler, and our great English tenor, Sims Reeves.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—Mr. H. W. Warner has called our attention to a notice in our paper, in which Mr. H. Niel Warner, a gentleman now acting at Sadler's Wells, is stated to be the son of his wife, the late Mrs. Warner, which he says is an error, and begs us to contradict it.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Naamah," was performed yesterday week, for the first time in London, and received with great enthusiasm. The principal singers were Miss Edmonds, Madame Rudersdoff, Madame Oulton-Dobry, Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Cummings, and Santley—all, except the first named, belonging to the performance at the Birmingham Festival last September. Miss Edmonds, who last night sang the first soprano part, originally sung by Adeline Patti, made her first appearance, we believe, in public. She is, we learn, a pupil of Mrs. Sims Reeves, and does her mistress the utmost credit by her admirable method and style. Miss Edmonds achieved a very remarkable success, considering the circumstances under which she appeared.

Mr. WILLIAM O. RUSSELL (a son of the popular composer, Mr. Henry Russell) has written a tragedy, which competent judges declare to be singularly beautiful, very dramatic, and perfectly original.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON has set up his temple of magic at the Standard Theatre.

## THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ALGERIA.

The accounts received from Algiers state that the Emperor was progressing on his tour, and was being enthusiastically received by the natives. He continued in good health.

From the French papers it appears that Algeria is steadily improving. The *Debut* estimates the trade of Algeria with France before 1830 at from five to six millions of francs; in 1837 it amounted to twenty millions per annum; in 1847, it attained the respectable figure of 100 millions; and in 1861 it had more than doubled, representing the sum of 237 millions—in which the exports from France to Algeria were set down at 137 millions. Thus Algeria afforded to France commerce a market more important than Russia, the Netherlands, and Tunis, Egypt, Morocco, and the Ottoman empire. The *Debut* also points out that the colonization of Algeria can only be said to have seriously commenced in 1831. The *Debut*, however, takes occasion to rebuke the colonists for their evident bias against the natives. It reminds them that many of the native tribes are keenly alive to the benefits of commerce. This is especially true of the Kabyles, whose staple produce is that of olive oil, the manufacture of which has become so important as to compete seriously with the produce of the French olive grounds. It may be added, that excepting some few of the tribes on the borders of the desert, the natives are by no means inaccessible to the attractions of gain, and that the inhabitants of the seaboard towns seem to have inherited some of the old commercial spirit of the Syrian and Phœnician colonies which peopled the country long before the Arab invasion, and from which the Kabyles and Berbers are evidently descended.

We this week continue our illustrations of the Emperor's journey. On page 776 we give the grand reception of the Emperor at Algiers, and on the opposite page a sketch of "A Modern Hebece." A few preliminary remarks are, however, necessary before describing this sketch.

The populations of Algeria are more various, perhaps, than in any other region of the earth; and, at the same time, they are very distinct. Thus it is that the modern Hebece draws water for admiring Spaniards, for Italians, for Germans, Swiss, Portuguese, French, Anglo-Maltese. After the French, of whom there are eighty thousand in Algeria, the most numerous population is the Spanish. There are between thirty and forty thousand of them—from the Balearic Isles chiefly, says Madame Bonaparte's "Guide Book," with eight or nine thousand Italians, seven or eight thousand Germans, about two thousand Swiss, eight thousand Maltese, and a sprinkling of emigrants from Portugal. The native population numbers about 2,500,000, half Kabyles, half Moors and Arabs.

Our engraving illustrates an every-day occurrence in Algiers. A dark-eyed daughter of Abraham goes forth, pitcher on head, to fetch water; she saunters quietly along, under the shade of palm and olive trees, until she arrives at the well. She mounts the steps, and takes the pitcher from her head and fills it. In the meantime a couple of Spaniards are seen trotting along the dusty road; they dismount, and approach the well. One, with a natural gallantry, removes his hat, and asks Hebece for a drink from her pitcher, and some sharp talking and laughing (what in London would be called "chaff") evidently takes place. First she will not give him a drink; then she will. Balausting the pitcher on her arm in the most graceful manner, she dexterously pours the water into the mouth of the thirsty Spaniard; but, alas! he is not to come off so easily, for to finish the anecdote she pours a considerable quantity of water down his neck.

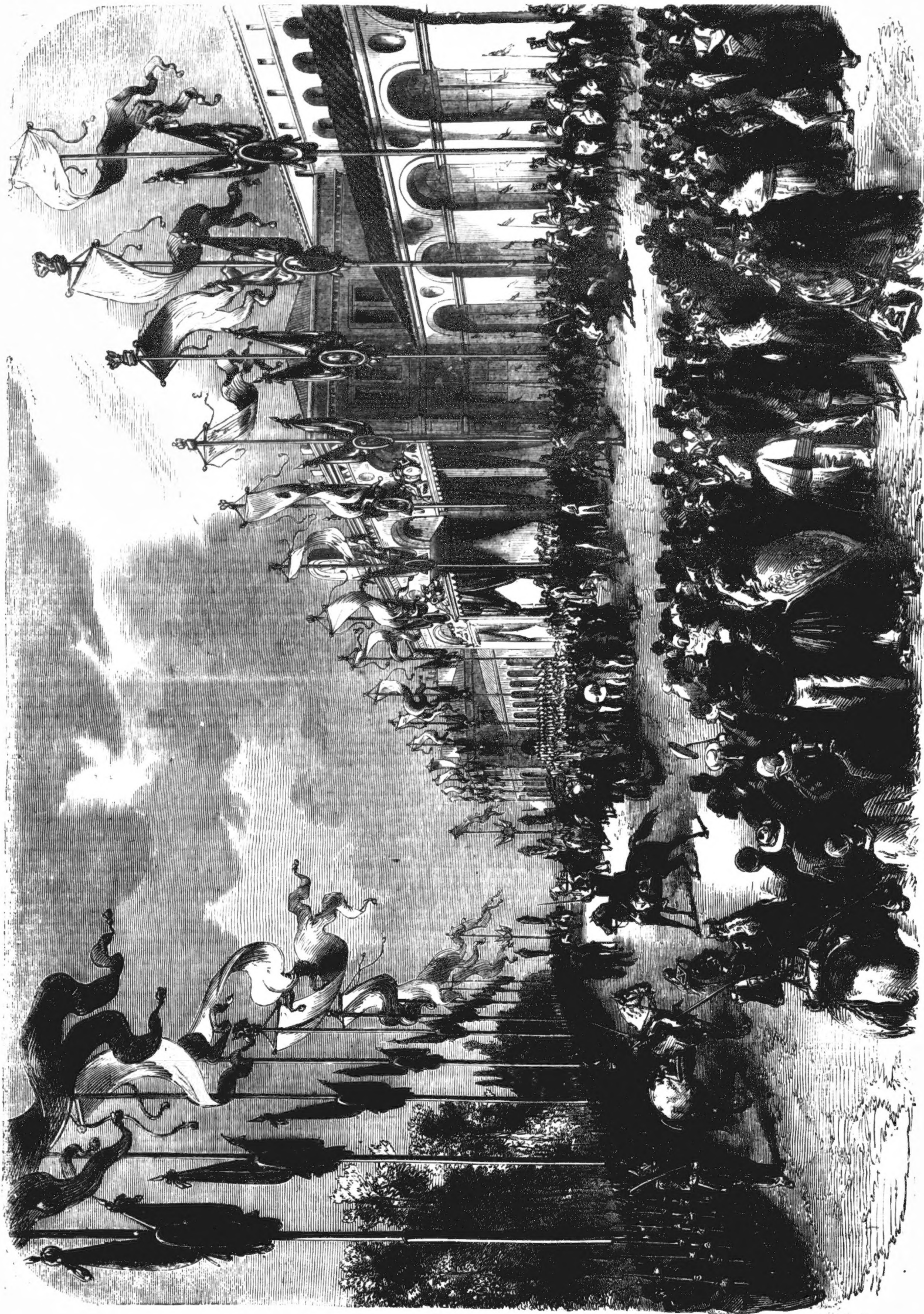
Apart from the attractive face, Hebece is rather an object of interest, her dress is extremely elegant and picturesque, and, no doubt, still retains some of the characteristics of her great ancestor's costume; indeed, many of them are distinctly traceable. The very water-jug is venerable! Some of the Algerian Jewesses are extremely handsome, having fine regular classic features and limbs beautifully modelled. For the good looks of the Spaniards not so much can be said. Though their costume is picturesque, they (at least such as emigrate to Africa) are hard-featured race, stern externally, but mild and polite in their manners. In the towns they find plenty of employment as masons, builders, and, what comes more natural to them, millers. They may be seen sauntering leisurely along the sea-side, with a drove of beasts laden with fish, or up in the narrow steep streets of the Moorish towns. Always calm, nothing seems to disturb them, and everything is done with a regard to dignity of manner. If his donkey slips, he is sure to come upon his feet in a dignified position, and will rebuke the animal with a dignified voice. If he sees you for a light for his cigarette, you feel that he is doing you a favour, and take thought they are seldom rich; yet if you wish to purchase anything from a Spaniard, your question as to the price of the article will be met with a quiet removal of the cigarette from his mouth, or a condescending wave of the hand, as much as to say, "Now pay these things at once, and go away and don't bother me any more."

With the Moors, their ancient enemies, they may be seen on the Grand Place at night; side by side they walk, forgetting or appearing to forget their ancient hatred. The old Moor is scarcely less dignified in his manner than the Spaniard; but one has more sympathy with him. There is something very noble and imposing in a old Arab chief, walking solemnly up and down, silently listening to the music of the French military band (for these wild but noble fellows are deeply alive to poetry and music), or perhaps talking of the time when a Christian dare not show his face on the spot where he now sees hundreds, and they his masters. However, he waits patiently for the end, with a strong belief in his prophet.

We also give, on page 781, a scene sketched on the borders of the Great Sahara, in Africa.

**SUDDEN DEATH OF A POLICEMAN WHILE ON DUTY.**—A melancholy case of sudden death occurred on Monday evening at the temporary bridge at Biscarosse. It seemed that Policeman O'Brien, 335, who was stationed at the east side of the north end of the bridge to prevent foot-passengers trespassing on the carriage-way, observed a fat running animal a cab. He called after and led out no notice being taken he went in pursuit of him, and was in the act of bringing him back when he was thrown by his own horse, and fell on his head. He was immediately removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he was pronounced to be extinct. The deceased, who had been in the force nearly fifteen years, was much respected.



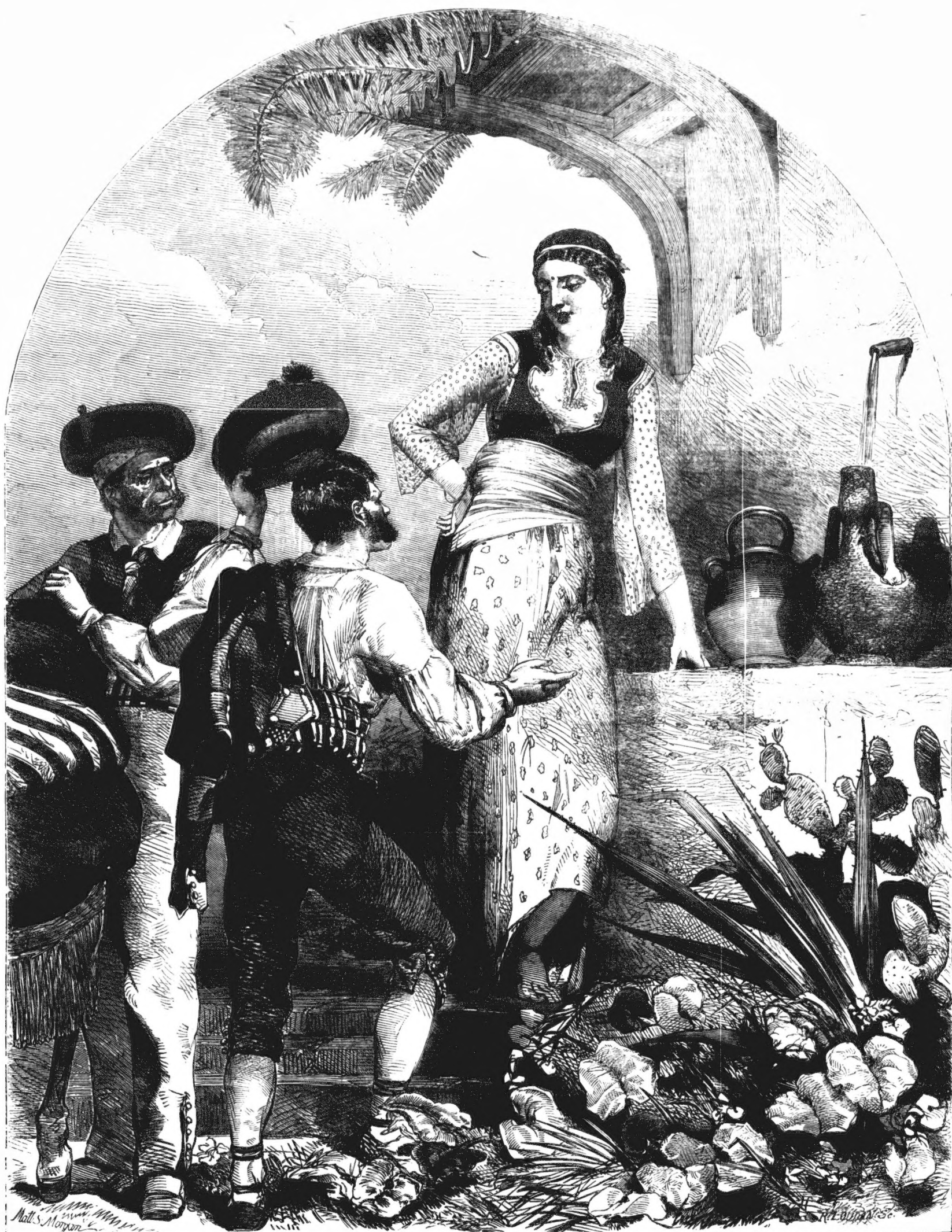


THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ALGIERS.—THE ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION AT MARSEILLES. (See page 776.)



Matt. Morgan





A MODERN REBECCA.—A SCENE AT ALGIERS. (See page 775.)



## THE FLIGHT, CAPTURE, AND DEATH OF BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.

The following narrative of the pursuit and death of Booth, the assassin, is extracted from the Washington correspondence published in the *New York Times* of April 28:—

"All the lower counties of Maryland were scoured by a large force consisting of 1,600 cavalry and 500 detectives and citizens. On Sunday last, Colonel Baker learned of a little boy in Maryland some facts which satisfied him that Booth and Harrold had crossed the river about eleven o'clock a.m., and had gone into Virginia. A telegraph operator, with a small body of soldiers, was sent down the river to tap the wires at a given place and make certain inquiries. This party returned on Monday morning last, bringing with them a negro man whom they picked up at Swan Point, who, on being closely interrogated, disclosed that he had seen parties cross in a boat, and the description of these parties assured Colonel Baker that Booth and Harrold were the men. No examination or search had yet been made by official authority in Virginia. Demand was made upon General Hancock for a detachment of cavalry, and twenty-eight of the 16th New York were immediately sent to Colonel Baker, under command of Lieut. Doherty, one of this detachment being Boston Corbett. The whole party were put in charge of Lieutenant L. B. Baker and Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Conger. That night the party went down the river four miles, but heard nothing satisfactory. They finally, at daylight, brought up below Port Royal some miles. They returned, finding no trace of the criminals till they got to Port Royal Ferry. Lieutenant Baker rode up, found the ferryman, and made inquiries. The ferryman stoutly denied having seen any such persons as those described. Lieutenant Baker throttled him and threatened him, yet he denied any knowledge of the persons sought. By the side of the ferryman a negro was sitting. Lieutenant Baker presented a likeness of Booth and Harrold. The negro, upon looking at these, exclaimed, 'Why, massa, them's the gentlemen we brought cross the river yesterday.' The ferryman then admitted that he had brought Booth and Harrold over the river in his boat. The cavalry was started off, and went fourteen miles beyond Garrett's place. There they met a negro, who said he saw two men sitting on Garrett's porch that afternoon. The description of one accorded with that of Booth. Lieutenant Baker and his party returned to Garrett's house. Garrett denied that the two men had been there. Baker threatened to shoot him if he did not tell the truth. Garrett's son thereupon came out of the house, and said the two men were in the barn. The barn was at once surrounded. This was about two a.m. Baker went up and rapped at the door. Booth asked, 'Who are you, friends or foes? Are you Confederates?' I have got five men in here, and we can protect ourselves. Colonel Baker replied, 'I have fifty men out here; you are surrounded, and you may as well come out and surrender. Booth answered, 'I shall never give up; I'll not be taken alive.' The instructions were that every means possible must be taken to arrest Booth alive, and Baker, Conger, and Doherty held a consultation a few feet from the barn. In the meantime Booth was cursing Harrold for his cowardice, charging him with a desire to merely surrender, &c. Colonel Baker and his party returned and held a parley with Booth, thus consuming about an hour and a quarter. Another consultation of officers was held, and it was determined that, in view of the probability of an attack from a tolerably large force of rebel cavalry, which they had learned were in the neighbourhood, the barn should be fired, and Booth thus forced to come out. Conger gathered a lot of brush, and placed it against and under the barn, and pulled some hay out of the cracks, in the meantime holding a lighted candle in his hand. Booth could now see through the opening of the barn all their movements. The lighted candle was applied to the hay and brush, and directly the flames caught the hay inside the barn. Booth rushed towards the burning hay and tried to put out the fire. Falling in this, he ran back to the middle of the floor, gathered up his arms and stood still pondering for a moment. Whilst Booth was standing in this position, Sergeant Boston Corbett ran up to the barn door and fired. Colonel Baker, not perceiving where the shot came from, exclaimed, 'He has shot himself,' and rushed into the barn, and found Booth yet standing with a carbine in his hand. Baker clasped Booth around the arms and breast; the balance of the party had also, in the meantime, got inside. Corbett then exclaimed, 'I shot him.' Booth fell upon the floor, apparently paralysed. Water was sent for and the wound bathed. It was now just 3.15 o'clock. The ball had apparently passed through the neck and spine. In a few moments Booth revived. He made an effort to lift his hands up before his eyes. In this he was assisted, and upon seeing them he exclaimed, somewhat incoherently, 'Useless! useless! blood! blood!' and swooned away. He revived from time to time, and expressed himself entirely satisfied with what he had done. He expired at 7.10 yesterday morning. The body was placed in a cart and conveyed to the steamer *Ida*, and brought upon that vessel to the navy yard, where the boat arrived at twenty minutes past five o'clock this morning. While the barn was burning, Harrold rushed out, and was grappled by Lieutenant Baker, thrown to the ground, and secured. Corbett says he fired with the intention of wounding Booth in the shoulder, and did not intend to kill him. Booth had in his possession a diary, in which he had noted events of each day since the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. This diary is in the possession of the War Department. He had also a Spencer carbine, a seven-shooter, a revolver, a pocket-pistol, and a knife. The latter is supposed to be the one with which he stabbed Major Rathbun. His clothing was of dark blue, not Confederate grey, as has been stated. Corbett, who shot Booth, was born in England, and is about thirty-three years old. He came to this country some years since, and resided for several years in Troy, N.Y.

The subjoined account, furnished by Corbett, the man who shot Booth, is published in the *New York Herald*:—

"Booth and Harrold reached the barn about dusk on Tuesday evening. The barn was at once surrounded by our cavalry, and some of our party engaged in conversation with Booth from the outside. He was commanded several times to surrender, but made no reply to the demand save that 'if you want me you must take me.' When first asked to surrender he asked, 'Who do you take me for?' A short time afterwards, in response to the question as to whether there was anybody else with him in the barn, he stated that he was the only person in the building—that his companion, Harrold, had taken another direction, and was beyond the reach of capture. At three o'clock, or a little after, the barn was fired. Before the flames were kindled Booth had the advantage of us in respect to light. He could see us, but we could not see him. But after that the tables were turned against him; we could see him plainly, but could not be seen by him. The flames appeared to confuse him, and he made a spring towards the door, as if to attempt to force his way out. As he passed by one of the crevices in the barn I fired at him. I aimed at his body; I did not want to kill him. I took deliberate aim at his shoulder, but my aim was too high. The ball struck him in the head, just below the right ear, and, passing through, came out about an inch above the left ear. I think he stooped to pick up something just as I fired. That may probably account for his receiving the ball in the head. I was not over eight or ten yards distant from him when I fired. I was afraid that if I did not wound him he would kill some of our men. After he was wounded I went into the barn. Booth was lying in a reclining position on the floor. I asked him, 'Where are you wounded?' He replied, in a very feeble voice, his eyeballs glaring with a peculiar brilliancy, 'In the head. You have finished me.' He was then carried out of the burning building into the open air, where he died about two hours and a half afterwards. About an hour before he breathed his last

he prayed for us to shoot him through the heart, and thus end his misery. His sufferings appeared to be intense. Booth, although he could have killed several of our party, seemed to be afraid to fire. Mine was the only shot fired on either side. When he fell he had in his hand a six-barrelled revolver, and at his feet was lying a seven-shooter, which he dropped after he was wounded. Two other revolvers were also near him. He declared that the arms belonged to him, and that Harrold had nothing to do with the murder. We gave him brandy, and four men went in search of a doctor, whom we found about four miles from the scene of the occurrence. But when the doctor arrived Booth was dying. He did not talk much after receiving his wound. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied, 'I die for my country,' and asked those standing by to tell his mother so. He did not deny his crime."

## EXTRAORDINARY ASSAULT BY MANUFACTURERS.

An Under-Sheriff's Court was held at Leeds, before Mr. Wheelhouse, barrister, to assess the damages in an extraordinary case of assault and battery. Mr. Shaw, barrister, appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Maule was for the defendants. Plaintiff, Mr. Walter Shaw, is a bobbin-maker at Dewsbury; and defendants, Messrs. John and James Gomersall and William Thackray, are manufacturers residing in the same town. On the 18th February, plaintiff being anxious to pay his addresses to the defendant's (Gomersall) being sister, and not having been introduced to her, although he lived in the same street, and had known the family all his life, adopted the plan of writing a letter to her, with the object of apprising her of the state of his affections. This love-epistle was couched in the following terms:—

"To Miss Sarah J. Gomersall, Feb. 19th, 1865.  
"I hope you will excuse me writing to you, but as I never meet you in company I thought it would be the best I wish to see you some time this week about Thursday night if you leave your house about half past two and go up Wakefield road I will wait for you about the bar. The fact is I am going down to York and now a young lady there and I wish to see you before. An answer will oblige by Wednesday morning first. I am respectfully yours,  
"WALTER SHAW."

It would appear that the young lady, on receiving this letter, showed it to her brothers, the defendants, and the latter determined to punish the love-sick bobbin-maker for his impertinence. They accordingly concocted the following reply, and got a young lady to write it in her most approved feminine style of calligraphy:—

"Dewsbury, Feb. 21.  
"My dear sir,—I received your letter yesterday evening, but I am sorry to say I cannot meet you up Wakefield-road, as I never go out during the day without my sister is with me; but if you will come to our house on Thursday night, about eight o'clock, I shall come to our house by myself. But if any of our people should be in I will send the servant to the gate, so that you will know not to come in if she is there. If you don't see her you must come through the yard to the side door. If this arrangement does not suit you, please say so by return."

This arrangement, however, appeared to suit the plaintiff perfectly, and on the appointed night he hid away to keep the appointment. No signal was at the gate to check his progress, and he joyfully opened the wicket. But he had no sooner got fairly into the yard than the gate was fastened behind him, and he found himself in the presence of the three defendants. John Gomersall inquired what he wanted there, upon which the plaintiff asked him what he had to do with it? John Gomersall then demanded to know whether it was he (plaintiff) who had written the letter to his sister, and Mr. Shaw replying in the affirmative, John exclaimed, with an oath, "Then I will give it you; come along, chaps." The other defendants then came up, Shaw was seized round the waist, carried to the horse-trough in the yard, and soused in the water time after time. At length he managed to crawl out of the trough, but he was again seized, his necktie torn away, a hose-pipe introduced near the spinal column, and the full force of the town's water on the main turned on, the effect being that his body was completely saturated, and his clothes torn nearly to shreds. The defendants practised this hydropathic treatment for about ten minutes, and subsequently the gate was opened, and plaintiff was allowed to depart, his movements being quickened by a kick. His hat was pitched into the street after him, but he did not recover it. He estimated his spilt wearing apparel to have been worth £5, his hat 18s. 6d., and his cravat 2s. 6d.; but he had also suffered from a severe cold, and from rheumatic pains in the left leg.

Mr. Maule addressed the jury in mitigation of damages, in a humorous speech. He did not deny the facts as stated, but he urged that the defendants were young men, that the two Gomersalls were indignant at the coolly impudent tone of the letter plaintiff had addressed to their sister, and that what they did was by way of punishing him for his presumption. Mr. Shaw had no business to write such a letter to a young lady to whom he was not known, and to whom he had never been introduced.

Mr. Shaw having been heard in reply, The Assessor summed up on the law of the case, the facts being undisputed.

The jury, after about two hours' deliberation, awarded £80 as damages to the plaintiff. The case created considerable amusement in court.

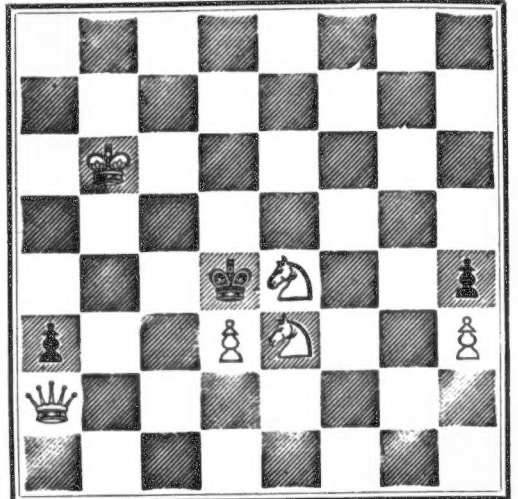
A FRENCH TRIAL.—A man named Briant, a shoemaker by trade, was tried before the Assize Court of Paris for an attempt to murder a married woman with whom he had kept up what is called a *liaison* for some time, but who, regretting of her fault, wished to break off with him and recover the good graces of her husband. The accused certainly appeared to be a worthless fellow, but the following description of him, as given by the judge (M. Meunier) in his summing up to the jury, seems a little in excess of strictly judicial functions before a verdict is brought in:—"The accused who stands before you, gentlemen, has committed a crime which the law punishes with the utmost severity. Can he, and should he, escape this supreme reprobation? The penalty which menaces him—the guillotine—has, in a certain sense, some grandeur. What is this man who is exposed to face it? You have witnessed his attitude during the trial. You wished to draw something from him. I have sounded him in every sense, but there was no response. I have found in him only weakness, cowardice, and fear, and this desolating spectacle has doubtless inspired you, as it has me, with disgust and contempt. There is another consideration which should not escape you. This man tried to commit a crime, but God did not permit its accomplishment. If blood was shed, life remained; and whatever be the horror you feel, you must remember that the victim was able to appear before you. Finally, if this man is overwhelmed now under the weight of the contempt which he inspires, let this contempt profit him when you consider how much indulgence you should show him." "These words," adds the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, the special organ of the law courts, "exercised great influence on the decision of the jury, who, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of 'Guilty,' modified by a declaration of mitigating circumstances." The mitigation was that the prisoner was sentenced to hard labour for life.

HARMONICUS, at 64 1/4, 65 1/4, and upwards. Pianofortes, full compass, from £18 18s. Also all other musical instruments, at the lowest possible prices. At E. Frost's Warehouse, 263, Watney-street-road. Price-lists post-free.—Advertisement.

MANUFACTURING FAMILY SEWING AND REWINDING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 148, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacture, Ipswich.—Advertisement.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 263.—By C. W., of Sunbury.  
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. Falkbeer and Boyman.  
[Mr. F. gives K Kt.]

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Mr. Falkbeer.              | Mr. Boyman.             |
| White.                     | Black.                  |
| 1. P to K 4                | 1. P to K 4             |
| 2. P to Q 4                | 2. P takes P            |
| 3. K B to B 4              | 3. K Kt to B 3          |
| 4. Q B to Kt 5             | 4. B to K 2             |
| 5. P to K 5                | 5. Kt to Kt square      |
| 6. B to B 4                | 6. P to Q 4             |
| 7. B to Q 3                | 7. K B to B 4           |
| 8. Castles                 | 8. P to K B 3           |
| 9. P to Q B 3              | 9. B to K 3             |
| 10. P takes P              | 10. B takes P           |
| 11. Q to B 4 (ch)          | 11. Kt to B 3           |
| 12. Kt to Q 2              | 12. B to Kt 3           |
| 13. K to B square          | 13. K Kt to K 2         |
| 14. B to Kt 3              | 14. Castles             |
| 15. P to B 4 (a)           | 15. P to B 4            |
| 16. Kt to B 3              | 16. Q to Q 2            |
| 17. Q to Q square          | 17. Kt to Kt 3          |
| 18. P to Q K 3             | 18. Q Kt to K 2         |
| 19. P to K B 4             | 19. P to B 4            |
| 20. P to R 5               | 20. P to B 4            |
| 21. B to K 2               | 21. Kt to B square      |
| 22. Kt to B 4              | 22. Kt to B 3           |
| 23. B to B square          | 23. Kt to Q 5           |
| 24. B to B 3               | 24. Kt takes B          |
| 25. Q takes Kt             | 25. Q to B 3            |
| 26. B to K square (b)      | 26. P to Q 5            |
| 27. Q to Kt 3              | 27. P to K 4            |
| 28. B to B 2               | 28. Q R to Q square (c) |
| 29. K R to Q square        | 29. B to R 2 (d)        |
| 30. Kt to B 3              | 30. P to Q Kt 4         |
| 31. B takes P              | 31. B takes B           |
| 32. Kt takes B             | 32. Q to Kt 3           |
| 33. Kt takes B             | 33. K takes B (ch)      |
| 34. B takes B              | 34. Q takes Kt          |
| 35. B to K 4               | 35. Q to K square       |
| 36. B takes P              | 36. B to K square       |
| 37. B to Q Kt 4 (e)        | 37. Q to B 4            |
| 38. B to Kt 7              | 38. B to K 2            |
| 39. B to Kt 8 (ch)         | 39. K to B 2            |
| 40. P to B 6               | 40. P to Kt 3           |
| 41. Q to K 5               | 41. Kt to B 2           |
| 42. Q to B 6               | 42. K takes P           |
| 43. B to K Kt 3, and wins. |                         |

- (a) The game now becomes very difficult for both players.  
(b) Threatening B to Q Kt 4, and also opening the K Kt 3rd square for the Queen.  
(c) Black supports his formidable centre Pawns with great judgment.  
(d) A slip, which throws away what would have been a well-earned victory.  
(e) From this point to the termination Mr. Falkbeer's play is of the highest order.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 255.

[We must withhold the solution of this Problem until its appearance in the "Chess World," as we have no authority to publish it earlier.]

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 256.

- |                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| White.              | Black.      |
| 1. Q to K Kt 3 (ch) | 1. B covers |
| 2. Q to K B 2       | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q Kt to P mates  |             |

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 257.

- |                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| White.           | Black.       |
| 1. B to K 5 (ch) | 1. K takes B |
| 2. B to Q B 2    | 2. Any move  |
| 3. Kt mates      |              |

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 258.

- |                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| White.               | Black.                |
| 1. B to B 5 (ch)     | 1. K to K 5           |
| 2. Q to Q B 4        | 2. Q takes Q (a)      |
| 3. B to K 5 (ch)     | 3. K to Q 6           |
| 4. B to K 3 (mate)   |                       |
| 2. ....              | (a) 2. Kt to B 6 (ch) |
| 3. Q takes Kt        | 3. Any move           |
| 4. Mates accordingly |                       |

SPECTACLES FOR HORSES.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a family horse which has done good service for twenty years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble and to strain his sight at objects close by. The stud-breeder owner judged the animal from his own case, and ordered of an optician a pair of equine spectacles. A pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large-sized lunette, were set in a frame over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he donned the spectacles.—*Philadelphia Paper*.

GRANDFATHER ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BULSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]



**POLICE COURT.**

**POLICE COURT.**

WESTMINSTER

OLERENWELL

<sup>46</sup> May 12, 1965.

"JOSH ROBERT EDE, M.D., medical officer of the workhouse."

STRANGE CAREER OF A GOVERNESS.—A PRETENDED CONVERSION FRO

remanded the prisoner to Federal House of Detention.

MAYLEBONE

WORSHIP STREET

THAMES

SOUTH WARK.

LAMBETH

HAMMISMITI.

[illegible]



## RECENT CHRONOLOGY OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

**THE UNITED CATHOLICS** gives the following curious list of all the attempts at political assassination, abortive or otherwise, that have been made since 1850:—

**THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND**—Queen Victoria can count four attempts on her life. On June 28, 1850, she received a violent blow with a stick from one Robert Pate, a retired lieutenant of the 10th Hussars.

**THE KINGS OF PRUSSIA**—In May, 1850, the late King of Prussia received, as he was mounting a railway carriage, a shot from a holster pistol of large bore in the forearm; the assassin, Seifels, of Weislow, cried out as he fired, "Liberty for ever." The life of the present King of Prussia was in danger at Baden on the morning of July 14, 1861. Two pistol-shots were fired at him by Oscar Becker, a law student of Leipzig. The regicide declared that he wished to kill the King because he was not capable of effecting the unity of Germany.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA**—On February 18th, 1858, at Vienna, Francis Joseph I. was struck with a knife in the nape of the neck. The murderer's name was Libenay, of Albe, in Hungary, aged twenty, resident at Vienna, and a tailor by trade.

**THE DUKE OF PARMA**—On March 20th, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, returning from an excursion, was hustled by an individual, who at the same time stabbed him in the abdomen, left the pondard in the wound, and subsequently escaped. The duke expired in cruel torture at the end of twenty-three hours.

**THE QUEEN OF SPAIN**—A second attempt—On May 28th, 1858, as Queen Isabella was passing in her carriage along the Rue de l'Armenia at Madrid, a young man named Raymond Fuentes drew a pistol from his pocket and would have discharged it at her had not his arm been caught and his weapon taken from him by an agent of police.

**THE KING OF NAPLES**—On December 8th, 1850, whilst Ferdinand II. was reviewing his troops at Naples, a soldier named Agostino Milano struck him with his bayonet, and at a later period Garibaldi honoured the memory of the regicide.

**NAPOLEON III.**—In October, 1852, when Napoleon, who was on the eve of becoming Emperor, was at Marseilles, there had been prepared an infernal machine, formed by 250 gun-barrels, charged with 1,500 balls, intended to go off all at once against the prince and his cortege. But the attempt was not carried out. On July 5th, 1853, a fresh attempt was made to assassinate him as he was going to the Opera Comique. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested as concerned in the conspiracy. On April 28, 1855, Jean Liversani fired two shots at the Emperor in the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysees. In 1857, Tibaldi, Bartolotti, and Grilli came from England to Paris to assassinate the Emperor; but were discovered, arrested, tried, and punished. On January 14th, 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri, and Rudio threw their murderous shells at the Emperor of the French, and shed the blood of a great number of honest citizens in Paris. On December 24th, 1864, Greco, Trabucco, Imperatori, and Scaglioni, who had come over from London with the intention of killing the French Emperor, were arrested in Paris.

**THE QUEEN OF GREECE**—On Sept. 18th, 1862, the Queen of Greece, directing public affairs during the King's absence, was returning from a ride on horseback when she was fired at without effect, near the palace, by Aristide Donatos, a student, aged nineteen years.

**VICTOR EMANUEL II.**—In 1858 an attempt was made on the life of this Sovereign, and Count Cavour gave an account of it to the sitting of April 16th.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN**—On April 14th, 1865, at the theatre of Washington, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, was assassinated by Booth.

## FIRE IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

**THE JOURNAL DE LA MEURTHE** contains an account of a fire in a railway train on the Paris and Strasbourg line, which had nearly been attended with fatal consequences. A lady took a place at Luneville in the express train, at half-past four in the afternoon. She seated herself with her child, eighteen months old, in the ladies' compart-

ment, where there were no other travellers. Twenty minutes after leaving Luneville she perceived that the carpet was burning at the side, near the door on the right hand. She examined the place, and discovered a hole about the size of a crown piece, through which fire was entering the carriage. She covered the hole with her foot, but found it too hot. She then covered it with one of the cushions, which she pressed down with her feet. The train continued its course towards Sarrebourg, the first station it was to stop at after leaving Luneville. The lady raised the cushion, and found the fire making great progress, having burnt a large hole in the bottom of the coach. She then screamed through the window, but her cries attracted no attention. The train passed through the Station of Avricourt, while sparks of fire were issuing from each side of the waggon, but there were none of the railway servants on duty. The lady in great terror leant out of the window, and stretched her hand into the next carriage, and shook the arm of a gentleman who was asleep. The traveller thus awakened looked out and saw fire in the adjacent carriage. He and a companion screamed with

## ENTRANCE TO SALISBURY DOCK, LIVERPOOL—THE CLOCK TOWER.

We herewith present our readers with a view of the clock tower at the entrance to Salisbury Dock, Liverpool.

The rapid rise of the port of Liverpool to its present consequence, though, no doubt, principally owing, like that of the town itself, to the astonishing increase of manufactures and population in the extensive district of which it is the grand emporium, is also, in part, owing to the facilities which have been given to navigation and commerce by the construction of wet and dry docks. The entrance to the estuary of the Mersey is a good deal encumbered with sandbanks, and is crossed by a bar, which however, has at low water banks, and is deeper, eleven feet of water; and as the tide rises twenty-one feet at neap and thirty-one feet at spring tides, there is water for the largest ships. The channels being indicated by light vessels, and well marked with buoys, there is no difficulty in making the port.

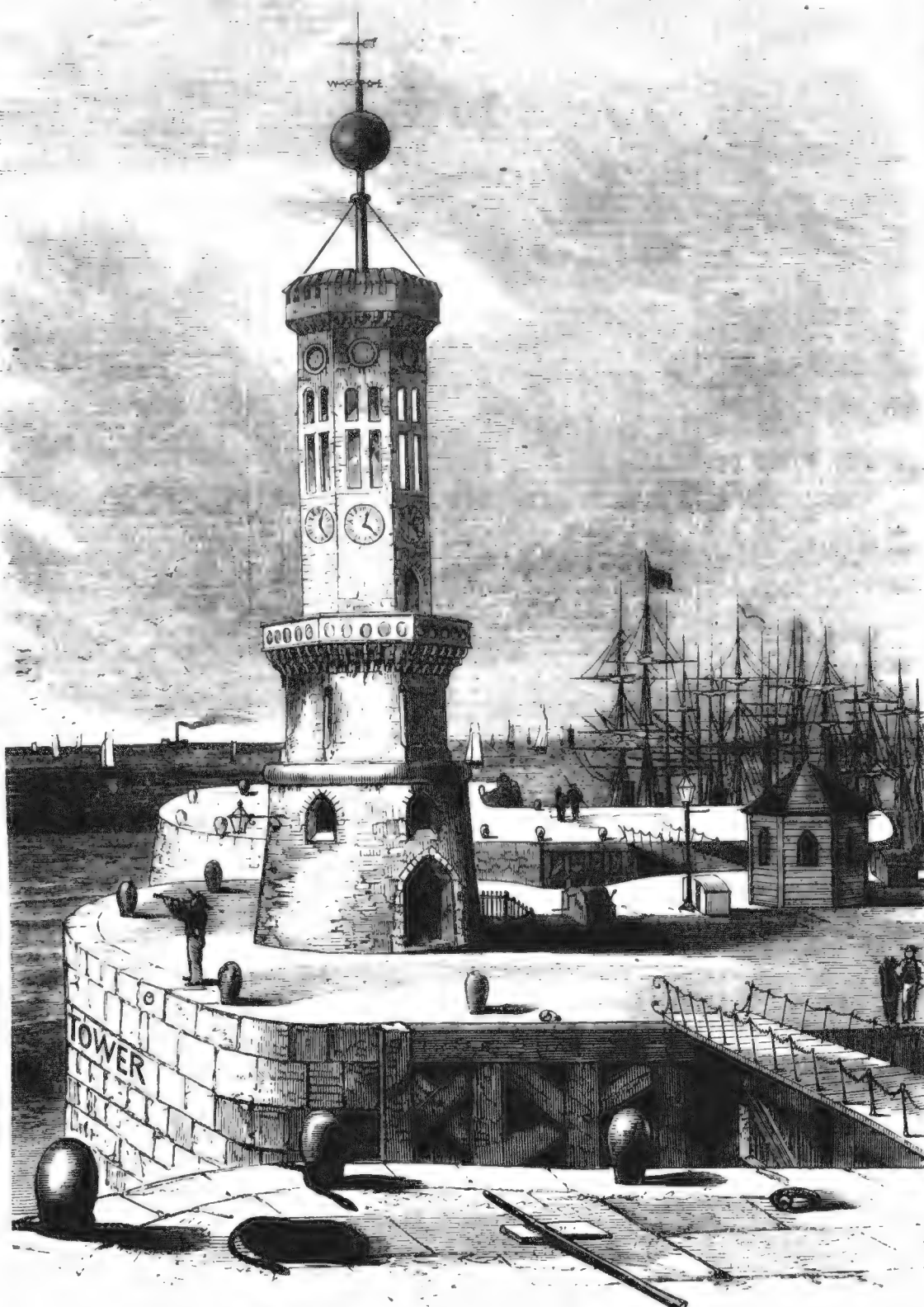
The land around being low, the ships in the river are exposed to risk from gales of wind; and to obviate this inconvenience, and to facilitate their loading and unloading, the docks have been constructed which constitute the great glory of the town. The first wet dock in the British empire was opened here in 1718, the Act for its formation, the 8 Ann. c. 12, having been passed in 1709. Another Act was passed in 1738 the 11 Geo. II. c. 32, authorising the construction of a second dock. Since that period many more docks have been constructed on a very extensive scale, so that the aggregate area of those now in use amounts to above 174 acres, and the quay-spaces about fourteen miles in length.

The King's Dock, being contiguous to the King's Tobacco Warehouse, receives all vessels from Virginia and other parts laden with tobacco; the Queen's and Brunswick Docks are occupied by ships laden with timber from Honduras, Canada, and the Baltic; the Canning Dock receives coaling vessels which exchange corn and provisions for colonial produce; and other docks are appropriated to other purposes. All these works are defended on the side next the river by a strong sea-wall upwards of two and a half miles in length. Every precaution is taken to prevent the accumulation of mud in the docks by the use of steam-dredging machines; and strict rules, enforced by a vigilant police force, are established to maintain good order and prevent both fire and depredations.

The docks are all constructed on the estate of the corporation, and are managed by commissioners appointed by Act of Parliament. The bonding or other warehouses do not, however, in general belong to the dock estate, but are principally private property. Most of them are in the immediate vicinity of the docks, but some are at a considerable distance; and there is not, in consequence, the same accommodation, or the same security against fire and depredations, in the Liverpool as in the London docks, where the warehouses being built along the dock-quays, goods are loaded and unloaded with the greatest facility, and are subsequently under the most efficient protection.

The difference in the situation of the warehouses in the two ports leads to a difference in the mode of discharging and loading ships in each; in the port of London this is done by the servants of the different dock companies; whereas in the port of Liverpool it is effected by gangs of private labourers, called "lumpers," who contract for a specific sum to load or unload a vessel.

In commerce, the rise of Liverpool has not, perhaps, been quite so rapid as has been represented. In the reign of Henry VIII. she is noticed by Leland as a place to which merchants resorted because of her moderate customs, and as being a great mart for Irish yarn. At a later period she is described by Camden as being "the most convenient and frequented passage to Ireland," and more celebrated for her "beauty and populousness than for her antiquity." She was once joined for fiscal purposes with Chester, but she had more trade than the latter, and could not have been correctly described as "the little creek of Liverpool." It appears that in 1709 she had about 8,000 inhabitants (a large population for that period), and nearly 6,000 tons of shipping; and we have already seen that, in that year, she applied for and obtained an Act for the construction of a wet dock. Since then her progress in commerce, and in the accumulation of wealth and population, has been quite unprecedented in the history of industry.



ENTRANCE TO SALISBURY DOCK, LIVERPOOL—THE CLOCK TOWER.

all their strength, but to no avail. Fortunately the train reached Rochcourt, where there were several men repairing the road. They saw the fire, made signals of distress, which were perceived, and the train was stopped. Buckets of water were brought, the fire was extinguished, and men were placed in the carriage with water to extinguish the fire should it break out again during the remainder of the journey. The damaged carriage was left at Sarrebourg. A lady in another carriage, becoming terrified at the cry of "Fire," jumped out before the train had stopped, and was severely bruised.

The trial of Dr. Pritchard, it is believed, will take place in Edinburgh at the end of June.

## EXTENSIVE EMBEZZLEMENT AND SUICIDE.

THE whole of North Lancashire has been startled by the announcement of the suicide of Mr. William Whelson, a gentleman of high position, and carrying on business at Lancaster and Preston, through pecuniary difficulties and the fear of exposure. Mr. Whelson rose from a poor office-boy to be secretary of the Little North-Western Railway; then he became a merchant and manufacturer; afterwards he was made town-councillor, mayor, and magistrate of Lancaster. While mayor of Lancaster he was distinguished for his liberality and hospitality, and his wife, during his year of office, was presented with a silver cradle by the inhabitants. In addition to the above positions, he was chairman of the Lancaster Athlete's Club and the Morecambe Gasworks, vice-chairman and director of the New Waggon Company, a churchwarden, a leading Conservative, and generally a man of high influence and position. On Friday week he was at Preston on business, and returned home in the evening. On Saturday it was rumoured that he had forged and embezzled sums to a very large amount, varying according to report from £6,000 to £20,000. On the evening of that day a warrant was issued for his apprehension on the charge of stealing scrip belonging to the Little North-Western Railway. The police went to his house, but he

## Literature.

## OCTAVIA'S PROBATION.

THE castle of the Baron Robert Woldenberg was situated on the southern bank of the river Moselle, near where it joins the Rhine. It was a grand old structure, overlooking a beautifully fertile section of country; and, unlike many other feudal dwellings, it was not a mere pile of masonry, but a place of life and character, there was much simple beauty in the architecture and finish of those parts which belonged to the house-hold.

Robert Woldenberg was near sixty years of age—a large, finely-formed, noble-looking man; but his years upon his face. In the warmth of his zeal he had, some years ago, given his services to Flanders against Louis XIV. of France as a military chieftain. He had few superiors. Rewards, empty titles and of substantial honours, had been showered upon him; but they were not long to be his. During the important garrison near Lille he had received a severe wound, not having been properly attended to, had eaten away the bone of his life.

And now, just as the great lindens that towered above the castle were putting on their garb of spring, the Baron Woldenberg lay upon his bed, awaiting the coming of death. By his side sat his only daughter, the Lady Octavia, a lovely and loving maiden of eighteen summers—whose all goodness and truth. The baron had not married in middle age, and his wife had lived only a few short years, his only child; so Octavia had grown up with only one love.

"Now, my precious child," said Woldenberg, reaching out his hand, "you must dry your eyes, for I am thinking of importance to say to you. We have dwelt upon the dark side of the coming scene. There is a my darling, and I shall ere long behold it. Ah, more my dreams have I seen your sweet mother holding out and beckoning for me to join her in the better world, brighter side, my child; and there is a better world than yet this poor world of ours is much better than we live in. Enjoy it, Octavia; live purely as you have thus far when the last hour comes, may you be as ready to answer as I am now."

The baron rested awhile, and beneath the influence of words and his calm resignation, his daughter dried her eyes and ceased her sobbing.

"I told you," resumed the father, at length, "that thing of importance to say unto you. Listen to me. Ere long, after I am gone, there will be many apples in hand; there will be many suitors at your feet; for it is Robert Woldenberg leaves much wealth behind him, and his only child."

"I want no lover—I want no husband," said Octavia, tones. "If you leave me you will bear away from me the object of my love!"

"Ah, my child," returned the baron, shaking his head, "don't know your own heart. Winter cometh upon the flowers die, and the green leaves wither, and the up; but the spring-time is sure to come again, as it has and again the earth puts on its smile of gladness. So when the winter of mourning is past, will come forth glad. You will think of your father as of one who brighter world, and thus thinking you will not cease. But let us now to other matters. I said that you would suitors; and in this connexion I wish you to give it may seem exalting, but I have my reasons for it."

"You can eat me nothing, my father, which I will grant." And thus speaking, Octavia bent over and kissed her cheek.

"Before I went to Flanders," pursued the baron, will, and that document is now in concealment. My knows where it is, and, in case he should die before his successor. You must not marry until that will light. Ay, more—you must not plight your troth that will. But, my child, I do not mean that your troth shall be very long. It shall not extend over before the expiration of that time, you do not find the attorney will then produce it for you. Only five years you will be still young, even then. What think you?"

"Oh, my father, I promise you with all my heart, years, if you please."

"No, darling; five years is long enough. But



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THE EMPEROR'S TOUR IN ALGERIA.—SCENE IN THE SAHARA. (See page 776.)

was absent. An officer was afterwards sent to Preston, where it was thought he might have gone, but he could not be found. On Sunday his dead body was found in the water at Fleetwood.

The inquest on the body was held on Monday. The evidence given showed that he left home on Saturday evening in good health and spirits, that he walked along the coast towards Fleetwood, that at midnight he got a boat at Knot-end, opposite Fleetwood, and about ten miles from Lancaster rowed out a short distance in it, took something to drink, and jumped off the boat into deep water; that his body was seen floating about on Sunday morning off Fleetwood by a seaman, and was afterwards picked up and taken to one of the hotels.

The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned." The deceased gentleman was about forty-three years of age, and he has left a widow and seven children. It is said that his embarrassments had reference mainly to the Little North-Western Railway, of which he was the secretary.

GENERAL EWELL, while fighting his last battle in which he was captured, sent the following note to General Lee:—"General Lee,—For God's sake, and humanity's sake, surrender your army. You are outnumbered and beaten. To continue the contest longer is to court nothing but slaughter in vain.—EWELL."

## Literature.

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Robert Woldenberg was near sixty years of age—a large-framed, finely-formed, noble-looking man; but his years upon earth were at an end. In the warmth of his zeal he had, some years before, given his services to Flanders against Louis XIV of France; and as a military chieftain he had few superiors. Rewards, both of empty titles and of substantial honours, had been showered upon him; but they were not long to be his. During the siege of an important garrison near Lille he had received a severe wound, which, not having been properly attended to, had eaten away the foundation of his life.

And now, just as the great Hindens that towered above the castle turrets were putting on their garb of spring, the Baron Robert Woldenberg lay upon his bed, awaiting the coming of the dread messenger. By his side sat his only daughter, the Lady Octavia—a lovely and loving maiden of eighteen summers—whose heart was all goodness and truth. The Baron had not married until past the middle age, and his wife had lived only a few short years after the birth of their child; so Octavia had grown up with only her father to love.

"Now, my precious child," said Woldenberg, reaching forth and taking Octavia's hand, "you must dry your eyes, for I have something of importance to say to you. We have dwelt long enough upon the dark side of the coming scene. There is a bright side, my darling, and I shall ere long behold it. Ah, more than once in my dreams have I seen your sweet mother holding out her arms and beckoning for me to join her in the better world. There is a brighter side, my child; and there is a better world than this. And yet this poor world of ours is much better than we give it credit for. Enjoy it, Octavia; live purely as you have thus far lived; and when the last hour comes, may you be as ready to answer the summons as I am now."

The Baron rested awhile, and beneath the influence of his peaceful words and his calm resignation, his daughter dried her tears, and ceased her sobbing.

"I told you," resumed the father, at length, "that I had something of importance to say unto you. Listen to me attentively: Ere long, after I am gone, there will be many applicants for your hand; there will be many suitors at your feet; for it is known that Robert Woldenberg leaves much wealth behind him, and that you are his only child."

"I want no lover—I want no husband," said Octavia, in sobbing tones. "If you leave me you will bear away from earth the only object of my love!"

"Ah, my child," returned the Baron, shaking his head, "you don't know your own heart. Winter cometh upon all nature, and the flowers die, and the green leaves wither, and the verdure drieth up; but the spring-time is sure to come again, as it hath now come, and again the earth puts on its smile of gladness. So you, darling, when the winter of mourning is past, will come forth joyous and glad. You will think of your father as of one who has gone to a brighter world, and thus thinking you will not cease to love him. But let us now to other matters. I said that you would have many suitors; and in this connexion I wish you to give me a promise. It may seem exacting, but I have my reasons for it."

"You can ask me nothing, my father, which I will not readily grant." And thus speaking, Octavia bent over and kissed his pale cheek.

"Before I went to Flanders," pursued the Baron, "I made my will, and that document is now in concealment. My old attorney knows where it is, and, in case he should die before the time I have appointed, he will leave behind him written instructions to his successor. You must not marry until that will is brought to light. Ay, more—you must not plight your troth until you see that will. But, my child, I do not mean that your term of probation shall be very long. It shall not extend over five years. If, before the expiration of that time, you do not find the document, the attorney will then produce it for you. Only five years, Octavia. You will be still young, even then. What think you?"

"Oh, my father, I promise you with all my heart. Make it ten years, if you please."

"No, darling; five years is long enough. But you may not

wait so long. Some strange fate may throw the magic parchment into your hands ere the five years have elapsed. But you will wait—you will wait patiently—and in the time to come you shall know why I have put this restraint upon you. I trust that your promise is cheerful and free."

"Yes, my father; and in accordance with my own feelings, too."

At this juncture a servant appeared and announced the doctor, and Octavia arose and withdrew.

In less than a week from that time all that was mortal of the Baron Robert Woldenberg had been consigned to the grave, and his daughter mourned with a grief that, for a time, refused to be comforted. And there were other mourners; for the children of toil, far and near, had loved the generous old Baron as children love a parent.

But Robert Woldenberg had told to his child the truth: Winter cannot always last. The pure heart cannot always mourn. The spring-time came at length, and Octavia once more smiled as of old;—not that she had forgotten the death of her father,—no, no,—but time had softened the blow, and with the soul of faith she still loved him and blessed his memory; and this very faith, blended as it was with gentle resignation, gave new charms to her life.

At the end of a year, when the flowers were once more bursting into bloom, the suitors began to come: but the heiress of Woldenberg had no ear for their tales of love. Some of them she respected, some she liked as friends; but not one did she love. She might have learned to love, however, had she been less reserved; but, remembering the promise she had made to her father, she kept herself aloof from the temptation to drink of the passion-brimming cup. And so, one after another, the disappointed suitors took themselves away—some of them deeply pained, but none of them angry; for the lady had treated them all most kindly, and in no act of hers could they detect the least sign of coquetry.

People wondered much at the conduct of the lady, for among those who had sought her hand had been some of the wealthiest and noblest youths of Germany; but she cared not for the opinions of others while she felt in her heart that she was doing right.

At length the treaty of Rastadt was ratified, and France and Germany were at peace. War-worn soldiers, old and young, came back to their homes to embrace their loved ones, and many a village and hamlet blazed with the fires of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

One day, in the early part of the afternoon, during the month of September, an officer, wearing the uniform of a major of the Imperial Guard, stopped at the castle, and desired to speak with the mistress. He was young—not more than five-and-twenty—and the causes which had led to his present enviable advancement were apparent in his noble bearing, and in the calm light of intellect and self-reliant power that beamed upon his handsome face. He was conducted to one of the reception-rooms, where Octavia soon joined him. He arose as the maiden entered, and for a moment he stood as stands one before whom flits some celestial mission; but he quickly recovered himself.

"Lady," he said, at the same time drawing a small roll of vellum from his bosom, "this must be my introduction."

Octavia took the missive, and read as follows:—

"To the Lady Octavia Woldenberg.

"Cousin of ours.—The bearer of this, Major Edgar Eppendorf, will spend a short time in your neighbourhood on business of State. As our acquaintance in that far-off region is limited, I must ask you to give him a home beneath your roof during his stay. Do this, and you will please an old friend of your father, as well as your emperor."

When Octavia had read the letter, she looked up into the officer's face with a frank, beaming smile.

"Indeed, sir," she said, "I know not how I have merited so much of the emperor's consideration."

"Ah, lady," replied Eppendorf, in a tone so soft and sad that it thrilled his listener to the soul, "if you deem that the proudest prince in Christendom lowers his dignity when he claims the friendship of the daughter of Robert Woldenberg, then you know not the noble wealth of memory which your father has left behind him.—Oh, pardon, pardon, gentle lady,—I meant not to touch your heart thus."

Octavia could not keep back the tears which this allusion to her father had called forth; but she quickly wiped her eyes and then said, "Do not think me foolish, sir, because I display this weakness. If you knew my father, then you knew one of the kindest and best of men that ever lived."

"I have seen him, lady. I met him once upon the field of battle; and I met him again at the palace of the emperor. I will not add to what you have said, only simply to remark that his bravery and his genius were equal to his kindness and goodness. I trust that

I do not discommode his daughter in thus presenting our sovereign's letter."

"Oh, no, sir,—indeed you do not," cried Octavia, while her lustrous eyes kindled, and the rich blood flushed her cheek. "He who has fought by the side of my father is thrice welcome to Woldenberg. Everything shall be done, sir, to make your stay pleasant and comfortable. I will send a servant to show you to your apartments, and when you have rested from your journey you may command me."

The lady left the room, and in a little while a man-servant appeared, who led the major to the apartments which had been set apart for his use; and when he had washed, and changed his apparel, he threw himself upon a soft couch, and tried to sleep; for he had ridden far and fast. But sleep did not come so readily. He had something to think of—something that thrilled his heart with strange sensations. He could have slept soundly upon the eve of a great battle; but he could not sleep soundly now; and after a drowsy, dreamy rest of two hours, he rose to answer the summons of the servant to supper.

That evening the moon was near its full, and its light was almost like the light of day, softened and subdued. Edgar Eppendorf walked out into the court, and finding the porters open, he wandered off into the park beyond the castle wall. He stopped beneath the lindens awhile, and at length started on his return. He had the lindens awhile, and at length started on his return. He had the lindens awhile, and at length started on his return. He had the lindens awhile, and at length started on his return.

"Ah, Sir Edgar, you, too, woo this beautiful moonlight."

"Yes, lady—the moonlight, and my own thoughts."

"Then I trust your thoughts are pleasant ones; for I would not that you should find aught else at Woldenberg."

She smiled as she spoke, and Edgar approached her side, remarking, as he did so:—

"Surely, lady, I should have to look beyond this domain did I seek an unpleasant subject for thought. Let me trust that your thoughts have been as pleasant as have mine."

"They have not been unpleasant, sir. When I feel a grief I do not seek companionship. I am never very unhappy when my faithful Eudocia is with me. She was my mother's friend, and she is now a friend and a counsellor to the daughter."

Edgar kindly and politely saluted the aged servant; and then, almost before he knew it, he found himself walking slowly by Octavia's side. For a while they conversed upon such light subjects as were suggested by the scenery about them; but at length a new direction was taken.

"You said you once met my father upon the battle-field," remarked Octavia.

"I told you this afternoon that I had met him once," replied Edgar; "but I might have told you more. I might have told you that I had met him many times. It so happened that I was in the same division with him; and we have fought side by side on many fields."

And then, when he observed the eager, anxious look of the maiden, he went on and told many interesting incidents connected with the bloody campaign which had grown out from the question whether a French prince or a German prince should ascend the throne made vacant by the death of Charles II, King of Spain. He told many things which the Baron had told before him; and he told many things that were new; but even those things which Octavia had heard before came with new interest from his lips, draped as they were in language glowing with poetic enthusiasm. And then the one sentiment, apparent above all others, which characterized his speech, was respect and love for the memory of her father. This not only touched the lady of Woldenberg to the heart, but it fixed the friendship of the aged Eudocia for ever.

Three days Edgar Eppendorf spent at the castle, and much of that time he was in Octavia's company. She loved to hear him talk of her father; and so she soon learned to love to hear him talk of other things, for he displayed a mind richly cultivated, a heart keenly alive to every generous impulse, and an understanding of more than ordinary power. On the morning of the fourth day he called for his horse, remarking that he was obliged to go to Aix la Chapelle on business, but he should return within the week.

How lonesome Octavia felt when Edgar Eppendorf was gone! What did it mean? She tried to shake off the incubus, and to be cheerful and gay; but the effort was fruitless. Something was gone that had left a void in her heart. That evening she sat in her dressing-room, and Eudocia was with her. For half an hour not a word had been spoken. At length the old servant broke the spell.

"Dear lady, I've been thinking."











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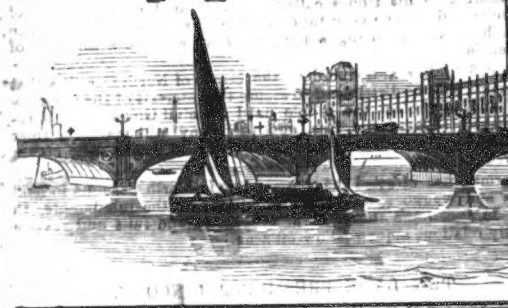
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